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# Along the Editor's Trail

EVELYN sat down to write a letter. "Dear Mary Jane," she wrote, and stopped and chewed the end of her fountain pen.

It was a new fountain pen—dark blue, with her initials on the gold band around its middle. And she was writing on new paper, too, with a blue seal at the top. This ought to have furnished her with some inspiration, but it didn't.

The words "Dear Mary Jane," looked very well

on the cream-colored paper, but Evelyn didn't add any more. She sat and stared at the toe of her sneaker. She had so much to tell Mary Jane, who was her best friend at home, and she couldn't get started.

There was the overnight hike, for instance. Mary Jane would love hearing about that. So Evelyn wrote:

"We went on an overnight hike on Tuesday and slept halfway up the mountain. We had kabobs for supper. It was very interesting."

She stopped again. It didn't sound interesting at all, and yet it really had been. If Mary Jane had been beside her, Evelyn could have told her all about the hike—the funny part of it, when Dora's "bull moose" turned out to be a harmless cow; the exciting part when Kay was sure she saw the brass hinges of a half-buried pirate chest in a cave near the waterfall; the beautiful part when they lay at night and watched the stars, and the sky seemed friendly and close.

It was no use. She couldn't write it, so she ended the letter abruptly after mentioning the diving les-



sons she had been taking.

"I'll tell you everything when I see you. Love, Evelyn."

It happens to a great many people—this difficulty in putting things down on paper. Girls who can talk at the rate of a mile a minute suddenly become mentally dumb at the sight of a piece of paper and a pen. Perhaps it is because they instinctively think of themes in English class and all the rules of grammar and construction they have learned, or perhaps it is because they lack the stimulation of an interested audience, or perhaps it is due to the fact that the tele-

phone is so easy to use that people have got out of the habit of writing.

In any case, for whatever reason, letter writing seems to have become almost a lost art, and that is unfortunate because we all like to receive letters from our friends—chatty letters, full of news and comments about people they have met, what they are doing and the places they are visiting.

It is really fun to write letters, too, once we can overcome our strange shyness at the sight of a blank sheet of paper and learn to write as if we were talking to an interested listener. Try it yourself. Don't, because you are writing instead of talking, use stilted and artificial phrases. Think of what the person to whom you are writing would like most to hear, then imagine that person is sitting with you, and write just as you would talk. After awhile, you will discover that letter-writing is no longer a chore. And you will find, too, that it is as much fun to write letters as it is to receive them.

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MARGARET MOCHRIE, Editor  
PAULINE STEINBERG, Managing Editor

## THE AMERICAN GIRL

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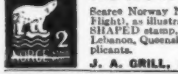
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## When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

THE tenth Olympic Games will be held at Los Angeles from July thirtieth to August fourteenth. To commemorate this sporting event of international importance, the United States will issue two special postage stamps, of two cent and five cent denomination. These two stamps should not be confused with the Winter Olympic Games postage stamp which went on sale at Lake Placid, New York in January. The new stamps have been perfectly executed, the two cent value showing a sprinter set "on the mark" ready for the firing of the gun. The five cent stamp is of classical design showing a discus thrower in front of a huge globe depicting North and South America.

At the time that this column is being written it is not known definitely whether the lower value stamp will actually be of two cent denomination. It seems to be generally understood that letter postage rates in this country will be increased to three cents an ounce beginning some time in July. If this actually happens and the new rates become law, the Olympic Games stamp will be of three cent denomination instead of two cents as mentioned above. It was originally intended to place these two stamps on sale for the first time at Los Angeles on or about June first. Because of the uncertainty of the postage rate increase, the Post Office Department will not announce a definite date of issue until it knows just what the rate of postage will be. It probably will be decided by the time this article appears.

This proposed increase in postage rates will have its effect on stamp collectors. It will probably mean—and this action has already been decided upon—that the department will change the portrait on the three cent Bicentennial stamp and create a new stamp to be issued later in the year bearing the Stuart portrait of George Washington, which now appears on the two cent stamp. The stamp will, of course, be printed in purple, the figures of value changed and the two scrolls bearing dates will be omitted. Because the postal rate increase will be in effect for only two years I do not think it probable that the three cent stamps will be printed in any other color than purple.

Two more cities were added to air mail routes recently. On June first Corpus Christi, Texas was made a point of call on the Laredo-Dallas route and on June fourth Baton Rouge became a part of the New Orleans-Houston route. A very neat cachet was used on all air mail letters carried in the first flight from each city.

The stamp illustrated above is the special postage stamp issued by the Republic of Poland in honor of the Bicentenary of

George Washington. This will delight all American collectors because the design has been so perfectly handled. According to information which I have received the stamps were on sale for only seven days, after which time they were withdrawn. Engraved in a rich shade of brown on yellowish paper, the portrait of the Father of our Country is flanked by the two great Polish generals—Tadeusz Kosciuszko and Casimir Pulaski, who aided Washington in the revolution. The flags of Poland and the United States are draped at each side of the portrait. The entire work is fine and dignified and the stamp should be in every American collection. I have a small supply of these stamps on hand and will send you an unused copy for ten cents.

Many of you may have seen the giant dirigible AKRON when she made her first flight of importance from Lakehurst to the Pacific coast. When the ship left Lakehurst several bags of mail were stowed in the ship and all of this mail was taken from her at San Diego and forwarded by air mail. Covers carried in the flight are of considerable interest and those of you who obtained them will be glad to know that they are very scarce.

A set of ten beautiful postage stamps has been issued to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Montserrat, one of the Leeward Islands in the British West Indian group. The stamps are the same size and shape as the recent Gibraltar pictorials and are somewhat similar to the Gibraltar issue in general style. The rugged hills of Montserrat, with the low-lying buildings and palm trees along the shore, make a background for the peaceful harbor of Jamesport, the capital. The profile medallion of King George is in the upper right hand corner and, in the opposite corner, the arms of the colony. The denominations and colors are: one half penny, yellow green; one penny, rose red; one and a half pence, red brown; two pence, gray; two and a half pence, ultramarine; three pence, orange; six pence, violet; one shilling, olive; two shillings, six pence, violet red; five shillings, brown. If you would like to have these stamps for your collection I can send the complete set for two dollars and sixty cents. If you do not want the two high values the other eight stamps will be sent for eighty cents.

Early in June Canada expected to place in operation a new air mail route flying between Prince Albert and Lac La Ronge in Saskatchewan. The planes were to fly via Montreal Lake and six different cachets were to be used.







MOST of your letters this month have been rather general in tone, but they are distinctly favorable, too. We haven't heard from many of you yet about the May AMERICAN GIRL, but evidently you liked the April issue a lot. One of the few letters about the May magazine comes from Janet Havens of Elmira, New York. Janet especially liked the cover. "I thought it was very well colored and particularly suitable for this month," she says. "I seemed to like the story *Red Head* best, although the others were very good, too."

I JUST received the May AMERICAN GIRL," writes Kathryn Madison of Sioux City, Iowa, "and I quit washing dishes for awhile to see what was in it. Everyone of the stories is positively keen! I think that the story *Everybody Has Adventures* was swell and the Scatter story was the best one yet."

JEAN Vander Pyl of Larchmont, New York says, "I simply adore the cover on the April issue. The girl's hair was so soft and natural looking that I actually tried to arrange my own like hers. I love the drawings Addison Burbank does for the Patsy stories. He makes her so pretty. Won't you please have more Patsy and Jo Ann stories? I love them." Jean will be glad to know that there will be more stories about both heroines very soon.

I HAVE been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for almost a year now," writes Helen Hudesman of Brooklyn. "The magazine is so popular that by the time it is retired to the bookcase it is worn to a frazzle, with the cover hanging on by a single staple and more often than not, entirely off. I loved the April issue." Betty Marback of Cleveland, Ohio says she has taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for almost two years, and that she thinks it is a fine magazine. Betty especially liked the April issue, too. "The Jo Ann stories are swell but I hope Jo Ann quits quarreling with Tommy Bassick," she writes. Betty will surely like the next Jo Ann story, which appears in August, in which Jo Ann, Tommy, Wicky and Ted Spence form a sort of partnership against the world.

MARJORIE Anderson of Aspinwall, Pennsylvania writes, "I have been a reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL for about four years, and it seems that each year it gets more interesting. This year the covers seem to be much nicer than ever before."

ANOTHER fan for Ellis Parker Butler's stories is Eldene Petterson of Corning, New York who says, "Jo Ann is one of

## Well, of All Things!

my favorite characters, she is so vivid, and so much like a real American girl." Eldene didn't think *Jo Ann Cleans House* was quite as good as usual, though. Jean MacElhenny of Philadelphia writes, "Although this is only the sixth issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL that I have received, I think the Jo Ann stories the best I have read, and I think *Jo Ann Cleans House* was better than any of the others."

THOSE of you who have written about the May issue liked *The Gypsy Teapot* very well. Rosemarye Distelhorst of Milwaukee says she thinks it was grand, and she would like to read some more stories by Cora Morris. Jean Woodruff of South Manchester, Connecticut writes, "*The Gypsy Teapot* and *Everybody Has Adventures* were both so attractive that it is hard for me to tell just which one I enjoyed more." "*The Gypsy Teapot* was awfully good," writes Harriette Hamilton of Coggon, Iowa. "I only wish it could have been longer. *Everybody Has Adventures* was cute, too." Elinor Weibel of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania says, "I just had to write and tell you how much I enjoyed *The Gypsy Teapot*. The illustrations for it were lovely, too."

THE interview with Helen Wills Moody scored another hit. Charlotte Crump of Wallingford, Connecticut writes, "In the May issue the most thrilling article, I think, was about the interview with Helen Wills Moody. I had a very different impression of her." Phyllis Moore of Cherrydale, Virginia writes, "The article on Mrs. Moody was good, but I wish we could have one on different strokes in tennis, and grips and keeping score." "I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL immensely and look forward to each issue," writes Josephine Dickinson of Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania. "I like the stories of famous women, particularly the last one, about Helen Wills Moody."

THE story, *Red Head*, was as popular as Scatter always is. Rita Purnell of Waterville, Maine writes, "I simply must tell you how I enjoyed *Red Head*. It was the first time

I had ever read any of Leslie Warren's stories and I do hope THE AMERICAN GIRL will have some more of them." Marian Lee of Minneapolis says, "I finished *Red Head* about a minute ago! It's swell! That is the sort of story I enjoy reading on a rainy day like this. There is certainly something alive about Scatter." "Scatter always provides a laugh, and personally I think she is a rival of Jo Ann's," writes Anne Mosser of Glencoe, Illinois.

THE May cover came in for a good bit of comment, most of it favorable. Marian Lee, who wrote about *Red Head*, says that when she first looked at the May cover it took her breath away, it was so real. On the other hand, Ann Elizabeth Houston of Flint, Michigan writes that she didn't like the May cover as well as she did the February and April ones. "They are more real and natural looking than the May cover," she says. Martha Jane Legg of Pasadena, California writes, "S. Wendell Campbell designs ravishing covers, and let's have some more of them." We will have another in a month or two, Martha, so watch for it.

WE'VE had some very nice general comment written to us this month, and of course we are pleased, although we like to receive more specific criticism whenever possible. Eleanor Keay of Detroit, Michigan says, "I have been a constant reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL for years, and look forward to each issue. The magazine has improved greatly in the last year or two."

MARIE SHARP of San Francisco says, "I think THE AMERICAN GIRL is a fine magazine. I have been taking it for over a year and I always read each article carefully. All in all I doubt if the magazine could be improved in any way." Esta Spindler of King's Mills, Ohio writes, "THE AMERICAN GIRL is getting better all the time. They say that boys don't like to read girls' stories but I can prove that that isn't true. At a party that I gave recently I gave the guests my AMERICAN GIRL numbers to write upon. One of the boys started looking at the one he had and before he finished he had looked at all of them. Now when I get my magazine he asks me if he may read it. My subscription has expired, but wild horses couldn't keep me from renewing it."

EDITOR'S NOTE: This issue offers many opportunities for discussion in these columns. What do you think of the outcome of *Face West*, and how does the new serial appeal to you? Are the articles helpful; if so, in what way? Send your detailed opinions to the *Well, of All Things!* page where as many as possible will appear soon.



WEEDING A GARDEN AND MAKING BEDS WEREN'T VERY EXCITING COMPARED TO TENNIS AND A NEW CAR, BUT KIT ACCEPTED THEM

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

JULY • 1932



**K**IT CHALMERS was an orphan but, as sometimes happens, she was not a pathetic one. She had been barely more

than a baby when her father died, and remembered her mother dimly as someone who lit three tiny birthday candles on a cake and sang a funny little song with her. Uncle Ed was a generous, jolly guardian uncle and Kit spent happy winters with Ellen, the only nurse she had ever known, in his big house in the country, and happy summers with friends and more or less distant relatives at the seashore, and grew up into a nice, brave, strong-looking girl with white enough teeth and wavy enough hair and clear enough color to be called handsome. She was good at tennis and swimming, and rather more than good at her lessons, so that the head of the expensive prep school, where she went at fourteen, strongly recommended her fitting for college.

Uncle Ed, who spent a great deal of his time abroad now, laughed at this idea and wrote back that she'd learn too much, and nobody would dare to marry her when she grew up; but Kit was independent and thought for herself, nowadays, and when she talked things over with Ellen, who had stayed over as caretaker and housekeeper when her child had outgrown nurses, Ellen agreed soberly that it was a very reasonable idea.

"How do we know that Mr. Edward will want you trailing about with him—a big girl of eighteen, like you'll be two years from now," she said. "He don't seem likely to settle down at home, dearie, and then you'll be visiting here and there, if not, and that's unsettling. With a good education behind you, you'll be better off—if anything happens."

This was duly reported to Uncle Ed—Kit was a good letter writer—and though he was much amused at the idea of "anything happening," he replied at last, from Switzerland, that of course she could do whatever she liked, although he advised her to come abroad and travel with him.

"At any rate, it'll cost me less, you funny little kitten," he ended, "and if I don't come back this summer, I'll ask your cousins from California to come East and spend the vacation with you and Ellen. Can you get a license? If so, you may have a car. I'll try to remember to write to Peterson about it."

Kit was exultant, and at the end of a very successful school year she sent her excellent reports and two prizes back to Ellen, whose pride in them was great as a mother's,

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

*Illustrations by Mary Ponton Gardner*

and they arranged for a house party of school friends, full of tennis, swims and motoring.

"Kit Chalmers is luckier than most girls, I think," said one serious girl. "She doesn't have to watch her brother get the best allowance and her sister get the best clothes!"

But Ellen, when she heard this, sighed and patted her big child's shoulder.

Kit was a very practical and on-the-job young thing, and before she joined Ellen in the country she decided to see Mr. Peterson, the family lawyer, who sent all the checks to the school, about that car, in case Uncle Ed should have forgotten—he was rather likely to forget of late years, she noticed. But Mr. Peterson was an old friend, and when he telephoned that he would call on her at the school one afternoon, she was delighted.

Mr. Peterson usually saw her in the school parlor, but this time one of the teachers led her, to her surprise, to the head mistress' private sitting room. There was the friendly old gentleman, who had brought her so many Christmas checks and birthday cameras and skates and wrist-watches, and beside him on the sofa, pale and worried looking, sat Ellen.

"My dear Katherine," said Mr. Peterson, "I'm afraid we have bad news for you, my child. But you're a sensible, brave girl, and we're counting on you."

"Oh! Can't I have the car?" Kit cried.

And then Ellen, for the first time in her child's recollection, burst into tears and put her faithful head on Kit's shoulder.

"My own dearie, it's not only the car you can't have, but just nothing at all!" she sobbed, "not even your college education! Your uncle—"

"There, there," said Mr. Peterson, "remember that Edward Chalmers isn't here to defend himself any longer, Miss Ellen. And there's no reason Katherine shouldn't have an education; she'll need it more than ever. Sit down, my dear."

Mr. Peterson wasn't jolly and funny and easy going, like Uncle Ed, but he was very just and practical and good at explaining things, and in a very short time he had explained matters to Kit, who understood them, as a matter of fact, better than Ellen by the time he had finished.

Uncle Ed had died suddenly in Switzerland, of pneumonia. This was bad enough, for everybody liked him, and



he was Kit's sole dependence, besides being her only near relative, but there was more to tell, unfortunately. He had been making dangerous investments of late, and two of them, insecure companies which he had obstinately insisted upon financing, had burst like bubbles. On top of that, a bank, of which he was one of the directors, had failed in the general panic and depression, and Mr. Peterson, who had all the details in his office and had been vainly worrying over them for six months, now was only too able to see just how things stood. By selling the house in the country and the cottage at the shore and throwing in everything he had owned, Uncle Ed's executor could leave the name of Chalmers where it had always stood—solvent and honest. But that was all. He had known this at the last himself, and had confessed to Mr. Peterson that his will which had named his beloved niece, Katherine, as his heiress was proving rather a grim joke.

"But the child won't starve," he had said in his last letter, "even if you don't pull as much out of the smash for her as I still hope you can." (Poor, easy-going Uncle Ed!) "There's her mother's little money, and maybe the little shack at Hill View could be sold for something—I ought to have let it go when I had a good chance, I know. That will be a valuable suburb some day. You tell her about it all, will you, David? I haven't the heart."

"Mr. Edward always left things to other people!" poor Ellen sobbed, but Kit stopped her and Ellen collected herself.

"He didn't think, that's all,"

Kit said loyally. "He couldn't help it if the bank failed! And, of course, he *meant* to leave me everything, anyway!"

Mr. Peterson smiled sadly, but patted her knee.

"Well, let's see where we stand," he said. "It will take your mind off this situation, anyway, my dear."

They stood, after all, on something. Kit had seven hundred and fifty dollars a year from her mother and owned, free and clear, the old Chalmers farmhouse in Hill View, on the outside edge of what was growing steadily into a prosperous suburb, an hour out of New York. It had been in the family for three generations, and Uncle Ed had steadily refused to sell it. His grandfather had left the farm to his father, and his father, though he had sold off most of the land, had left it to him, and now he had left it to his niece. Mr. Peterson thought there might be something in it some day, though the town, unfortunately, was growing in the other direction. Grandfather Chalmers had been a queer, cantankerous old man, always quarreling with his two sons, lonely, and in his later life, soured and miserly. He had invested in land, which failed to sell and had drained him until at last he had parted with most of it at a loss. Distrusting his son Edward's financial success, he had refused his advice and offers of help, scolded him for a speculator, and kept his independence by renting one farm and a wood lot to a prosperous neighboring dairy, which paid his taxes, and by working a small garden. A queer old fellow, Mr. Peterson admitted, and a hard cus-

tomor to deal with. He wouldn't do business as others did.

"But he always trusted me," the old lawyer said, "and we've always handled the rent and taxes in our office. Your uncle wouldn't sell, not to the dairy, nor one or two nibbles we had of late, but he did allow me, I'm thankful to say, to roof the old place a few years ago, and put in electric light and a bathroom. I thought we might as well pick up a rent. He wouldn't paint, though. You see, my dear, my family started in Hill View, too, when it was called Hensonville, and my married daughter keeps the old house there for summers. So I told your uncle that if he didn't look out, the place would be burned down some day, what with tramps and Italians squatting in the vegetable garden, and he let me fix it up a bit and rent it, if I could. But we haven't had much luck—" Mr. Peterson coughed and rubbed his chin and glanced at Ellen doubtfully and then began again.

"It's a good thing we haven't," he said briskly, "for now it looks as if we wouldn't want to rent it after all. Now, my dear, here's what Miss Ellen and I have been thinking. We've been discussing it since nine o'clock this morning."

And then Ellen dried her eyes and took Kit's hand in hers, and Kit tried to realize that Uncle Ed would never land at the dock again with presents for her and jolly plans, and listened hard.

Ellen had saved all her money ever since she had come to take care of Kit, and what with presents and interest and careful investments of Mr. Peterson's, she had today almost as much to live

on as her child. She had been a certified practical nurse, when Uncle Ed engaged her, with good experience and a good record, and Mr. Peterson's married daughter, who was on the Directors' Committee of the new Hill View Hospital, had promptly offered her a job as visiting day nurse there. There was a very good high school in Hill View, and Mr. Peterson, whose father had always been on the school board there, had inherited that position and given a college scholarship as a memorial to his father. Why shouldn't Kit have that scholarship, he wanted to know? If her work was as good as he'd been led to suppose, she certainly deserved it.

Oh, how thankful she was for the ambition and hard work that had laid such a good college foundation! And poor Uncle Ed had laughed at it! Kit straightened her shoulders—she'd show Mr. Peterson!

Would she approve of the idea of living with Ellen in the old house, going to the high school while Ellen added to their joint funds by working at the hospital, and could they manage to take care of the house between them? Ellen thought they could just manage, if they were very careful.

Kit nodded soberly.

"I'd like to try," she said.

Another thing Ellen had thought of—if Kit could give a hand to the garden, and a few chickens, in the summer, it would be healthy work and a great saving. How about that? Did Kit think she could manage those things, too?



UNPACKING AND ARRANGING FILLED THE FIRST DAYS

Kit nodded again, perfectly certain that she could. "Why not?" she said, determined to try anything at all. Mr. Peterson nodded in his turn, well satisfied.

"It won't be Easy Street, my dear," he said, "but we think, my daughter and I, that it's a sound plan. You're a brave, sensible girl and I believe you'll pull through. And let me know if anything goes wrong, won't you?"

Ellen's idea had been to go down by herself and get the old house in order, but Kit vetoed this plan instantly.

"I'd rather begin the way we're going on," she said. "I don't want to go and stay with girls who are sorry for me. And you'll have enough to do, Elly dear."

So on a bright blue June day they arrived, after a drive through the little Westchester village, at the old dormered farmhouse, nestled at the end of a lane in the neglected end of the town, almost backing into the wood lot. Kit had prepared herself for dirt and down-at-heelness, and general neglect, and Ellen had stiffened her broad back to meet mice, leaks, bad odors and broken window panes—her particular abominations—but none of these horrors, as a matter of fact, awaited them. Mr. Peterson's daughter had had the house cleaned and aired. The grass had been cut and the garden spaded up by her own gardener, who had been sleeping in the house all winter, it appeared, and had been given the use of the garden at the price of regular contributions of vegetables to the hospital kitchen. A dozen clucking hens, Mr. Peterson's house-warming present, pecked about a hastily fenced-in yard near a comfortable dog house—the newest building on the place—and in the darkish but new-scrubbed kitchen a fire in the old-fashioned range supported a boiling kettle, baking potatoes and apple sauce. A tin of cookies, still warm, was on the shelf.

In the long, low, combination living and dining room were worn rag rugs, a comfortable old sofa, a really handsome highboy and some homelike, wicker chairs from Mr. Peterson's daughter's veranda. A big bowl of early roses was on the round table and the grandfather's clock was ticking cheerfully in a band of June sunshine.

"Well, well," said Ellen with a long sigh of relief, "we've certainly got some good friends, dearie! Let me have a look at the beds!"

Old-fashioned wooden affairs, these, but mattresses and pillows for two of them had been added to the blankets and curtains and linen, the set of second best china, the dozen favorite pictures and the little keepsake ornaments that Mr. Peterson had found it possible to send along from the big house before the sale. And unpacking and arranging these and the case of books that arrived later, filled the first days.

Kit had clothes enough for two years, and Uncle Ed's hatred of mourning wear, well known to everybody, made economy in this line a simple duty, they both felt, so the household budget was not too alarming for two healthy people who were willing to work. Weeding a garden and making beds and preparing a nourishing supper, under

Ellen's directions, weren't perhaps very exciting compared to tennis, picnics and a new car. But Kit accepted them, thrilled a little by the responsibility and independence, and ate her picnic luncheons in the woods with Judy May, Mr. Peterson's granddaughter, who became her new and firm friend—a great relief to Ellen.

The faithful nurse's one anxiety, that the house should be so long unguarded, especially in the coming winter, when Kit as well as herself, would be away all the morning, was relieved by an unexpected offer of help.

In plain sight of the house, just on the edge of the piece of land that was all that was left of the property, there lived in a ramshackle old shanty, the lame Portuguese and his wife who were employed by the dairy farm to tend the wood lot and help with the cows. He seemed to have inherited the right to squat there from his father, a sailor who had worn the same thin gold rings in his ears that gave Manny his curious, foreign air, and the dairy people evidently found him useful enough to put up with his slow, stupid ways and his slack, dirty wife, whose pig and run-away chickens kept them going, after a fashion. Though surly, and as Kit felt, decidedly sly, they were honest enough, beyond encroaching a little on the farm's good garden soil and an attempt in past years to gather in all the loose shingles and old fencing for fire wood. And when Ellen, who felt contemptuously sorry for the slatternly woman, suggested that she should keep an eye on the house, Mr. Peterson agreed to the justice of some small payment and the gift of the weekly washing.

"While I'm in the house, Mr. Peterson, of course, on my afternoon off," Ellen answered him. "The poor thing's kind of half-witted, I think. But she used to work for the old gentleman, years ago, she says, and she's used to the house."

"She'd have been more used to it if that son of theirs had had his way," Mr. Peterson answered with a dry chuckle.

"I had to argue with poor Mr. Edward a long time over that, Miss Ellen. He's a flashy, half-educated fellow, who holds himself way above his parents (though I must say I can't blame him for despising their gypsy ways) but he actually very nearly persuaded Mr. Edward to let him have the house for next to nothing and move Manny in as caretaker. He told Mr. Edward that he'd be able to rent it for him if it was occupied. Imagine that! It would have been the ruin of the place—and it was unpopular enough already."

"Why was it unpopular, Mr. Peterson?" Kit asked curiously, and the lawyer coughed and rubbed his chin.

"Oh, well—run down, I suppose, my dear, and off at the wrong end of town, and tenants leaving. It just happened."

But Judy was not so discreet and at one of the picnic luncheons she confided her knowledge to her friend.

"It's all right now," she said, "and I'll tell Mother I've told (Continued on page 36)



AND BESIDE HIM ON THE SOFA, PALE AND WORRIED LOOKING, SAT ELLEN

# How about Architecture?

*Can a girl as well as a man be an architect? "Yes," says Margaret Van Pelt "if she has certain qualifications and wants to work"*

ALTHOUGH we have grown accustomed to women lawyers, women doctors, women senators, women who do everything from running big businesses to driving taxis—we still find it rather "unusual" to meet a woman architect. Architecture is a profession that by long tradition we associate with men. There have been women practicing it for twenty years, but they are still pioneers. So when we meet a handsome young woman in her middle twenties who is one of few women members of the American Society of Architects—well, immediately we are interested and want to know more about her.

This introduces Miss Margaret Van Pelt, whom I found in the drafting room of an architectural firm in uptown New York. The fact that the head of the firm is her father, John V. Van Pelt, is only part of the story. If she weren't a good draftsman she wouldn't be there. Now at my request she kindly laid aside her work for a few moments and sat down at a big library table, heaped high with heavy tomes, to talk about herself and her profession.

Miss Van Pelt, who is Vassar, 1925, is a tall, young woman with a wholesome, out-doorsy look in her tanned cheeks and fine brown eyes and with a frank, almost naive manner of speaking. And she is as intelligent as she is good looking. To the person who has talked with her five minutes, it seems only logical that she should have been Phi Beta Kappa at Vassar and have received the Warren prize at the Beaux Arts Institute of Design. Her family tree springs from that part of Long Island where our earliest Dutch settlers came. The original Van Pelt manor was built in New Utrecht, Long Island in 1664. The women of those days spent their time spinning, cooking and looking after the first blonde children of this Indian soil. So when Margaret Van Pelt became a pioneer among women architects she was only carrying out the spirit of her ancestors.

"Keeping house was never my forte," she says, "but building a house—that's different. As a little girl I used to build dozens of doll houses which I copied from Father's books—Venetian houses with all their trimmings, French, English and early American ones, each in its individual design."

Like pioneering, architecture is part of her heritage; she grew up in its atmosphere. When she was a senior at Vassar she decided it should be her profession. Thus, turning her back on social frivolities, she enrolled for a good stiff course in mathematics and engineering at Columbia University to show her father she could become an architect while her friends were attending *débutante* parties and tea dances at the Ritz. After this came a still stiffer course at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, followed by a trip abroad to study the masterpieces of the old world.

On her return late in 1930 she became a draftsman in her father's office. The first thing she designed was—guess what. A park bench! You may see it if you walk through Central Park near Ninety-second Street, a memorial to John Haswell Green, one of the founders of Greater New York. It is of marble, ten feet long and backed by five symbolic trees. Her next job was a post office on Long Island; then a church on Tenth Avenue, New York.

"The first time I saw that church I was surprised how small it looked," she said. "Not different from the design but smaller. I must have fancied I was planning a cathedral."

At present she is working on a residence in Noroton, Connecticut, a charming house of New England design made of rubble stone and timber. She is an associate member of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, a membership not won lightly, as one may judge by the fact that although there are five hundred men in this chapter, only five women have full membership. She is regarded as one of the most promising among younger architects.

"What are some of the qualifications for a woman architect?" I asked her.

"Why limit it to women?" asked Miss Van Pelt in surprise, lifting a pair of nicely marked eyebrows but tempering the gesture with a smile. "The qualifications are just the same for a woman as for a man. The first one, necessarily, is facility with your pencil. If you can't draw, you can't visualize a structure, nor can you design it. Don't be frightened from the profession because you aren't good in mathematics or engineering. To like math makes the school work easier but isn't essential in designing a building. In the same spirit, if engineering problems prove brain twisters, you can always get a structural engineer to help you. But you must be able to draw. You must draw details in full size, and without such stupid blunders as not giving the door room to swing, or having a steel beam pierce the bay window, or a plumbing pipe run through the door. One must be constantly on the alert for fundamental errors of this kind. The moldings and joists must fit in your draft as accurately as they do in the building. Everything must be carefully indicated there.

"The mechanical training a boy has in his childhood gives him a slight advantage over the girl, for he knows nails, glass, concrete, carpentry, tools; he has played with them all his life, while the average little girl concentrates on cooking and dolls. But once she's compensated for this lack in her early training, she needn't be at a disadvantage."

"But," I interposed, "why isn't a woman the logical person to design a house? It is she who is most concerned with it. She runs it, and all that."

"That sounds logical enough to the layman," said this young professional, "but the architect soon learns that the actual mechanics of a house—where the kitchen should be located to save steps and the most convenient arrangement for the laundry—are small matters compared to the technical problems involved. By technical problems I mean the uses of and relations between every element involved in the building. This is an intellectual problem, not a matter of sex. Besides, architecture isn't limited to houses. Most architects prefer to design public buildings rather than dwellings. The owner of the house rarely allows you enough money to carry out your best ideas. In addition, a skyscraper, a cathedral, or even a post office offers more scope to the imagination.

"Of course, the architect must have a lively imagination, a constructive mind that expresses itself in the work of the hands and an innate sense of beauty and proportion. It is in the sense of an assembling of the arts that architecture must be considered as a career. The architect designs in collaboration with the structural engineer to make the building safe and strong; he or she works with the plumbing or heating engineer to make it clean and sanitary; he works



Interview by  
MARGARET  
NORRIS

with the decorator, the finisher, the furnisher to make it practical and beautiful. He not only designs, he assembles all the trades and arts used in building and collaborates them into the fabric of the whole. He must be not only master of many arts but executive and diplomat, able to work with many people, to be sympathetic with their viewpoint. Many of these qualities are inborn, yet they are not peculiar to men alone. Women also have them or, at least, may cultivate them."

Miss Van Pelt was too modest to add that the girl who "thinks she would like to be an architect" should be sure she has Brains with a capital B before she enters it as a career. It is one of the highest of all professions. Competition in it is keen. The person with mediocre intelligence, whether man or woman, is pretty apt to be weeded out in the long hard road that leads to success.

The cut and dried requirements for architecture are two years of college plus four years of technical training, though in reality it is a lifelong study, as any good architect will tell you. But once the coveted degree is won, the first problem is to make a start; to persuade someone to give you a job. This is difficult, at best, and more so for the young woman than the young man. The hopeful, would-be young architect is, generally speaking, a nuisance. Who is willing to break her in? It is *experience* that everyone wants. Space in the drafting room is valuable. The girl at the door who protects her boss is apt to turn the newcomer away without so much as a chance to show her wares. The brilliant young novice with her hard earned degree may be thankful enough to start as typist or secretary in an architect's office. Schools teach little of office routine and here she can get experience in specification writing, interviewing clients, dealing with contractors. Perhaps—if she's lucky—she may even get a little experience in drafting, though, unfortunately, when a draft is needed it's more often the young man who is favored. But if one is courageous and persistent the chance will some day come. There are always ways of breaking through.

"One of the best ways I know," suggests Miss Van Pelt, "is to get some good architect whom you know to write a letter that will get you past the smiling ogre who guards



THIS ATTRACTIVE GIRL, A FEW YEARS OUT OF COLLEGE, IS REGARDED AS ONE OF THE MOST PROMISING AMONG YOUNGER AMERICAN ARCHITECTS

the office, on to the head of the firm. If you can get his ear and his eye, persuade him to look over your drafts, convince him that you can design, perhaps out of the kindness of his heart he may give you a place in the drafting room. I, myself, was fortunate in that the head of the firm was my father.

"Openings come in devious ways. For instance, traveling abroad with me two years ago was a Wellesley girl who had been my classmate at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and who had been offered an instructorship in domestic architecture, newly opened at Wellesley College. Although teaching was

not what she chose to do, she had accepted this position very thankfully, realizing that the inexperienced architect is fortunate to secure any job. While she corrects the drafts of her students, she herself is learning a great deal. In her spare time she is working with an experienced woman architect in Boston, Mrs. George B. Rogers, who designed many of the new buildings at Walnut School near Natick, Massachusetts. The girl who enters architecture seriously snaps at any opening wedge. If you love your work you don't mind long hours, and competition keeps you plugging. Your first job usually comes through a friend. That gives you an opportunity to demonstrate abilities that may win you other clients."

Clients are usually more plentiful for the man architect than for the woman. Even Miss Van Pelt, with all her youthful enthusiasm, is forced to admit this fact. Women clients like big names in architecture and men prefer to work with a man. This is due, not to the woman's lack of ability but, rather, to the age old prejudice that man is superior. Unconsciously, people have more confidence in him. When a big job is on the market, even feminists tend to favor the man. Certain architectural firms frankly admit they will not have a woman in their drafting room. If she is attractive and friendly, willing to enter the spirit of good fellowship—then she is a distraction. If she holds herself aloof, she is equally undesirable.

"They have us coming and going," said a woman architect who has been in the profession for twenty years and, in spite of numerous obstacles, has made a name for herself.

"It's like the old platitude about (Continued on page 33)



UP AT PANTHER EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT, IN GOOD WEATHER, WE HAVE CAMPFIRE ON THE BEACH AND READ THE LOG AND SING AND DISCUSS

## "Alice in Pantherland"

UP AT Panther every Saturday night we have campfire on the beach if the weather is good, and we read the Log and sing and discuss. Most especially we discuss, for it is at that time that the management gives us campers the full rights of free speech, and we talk over plans and vote and decide, and it's keen.

That memorable Saturday evening in July Scatter and Marge Woodward and I were ambling down the path to the beach with ponchos trailing behind us and our heavy sweaters thrown over our shoulders. Nights are chilly up in Maine and our doctor is a fiend for detail.

Scatter, as usual, was full of information gleaned from goodness knows where. She has an uncanny ability of nosing out facts and is always a mine of knowledge about everything that is going on.

"They're terribly high-hat nobility," she assured us gravely. "Scads of them. An English friend of Miss Hunt's is bringing them because they have never seen a summer camp before and they don't approve of camps anyhow. They're going to be here Thursday evening and it's terribly important to the management that we make a good impression on them. They've asked to see some dramatics because they are interested in the ability of the American 'teen age girl' to express herself articulately and artistically."

This last was obviously a quotation and Scatter grinned devastatingly as she delivered it. But our Marge grunted disparagingly.

"I think it's dumb," she said. "Imagine being examined like specimens!"

Marge is an awfully pessimistic girl and she always thinks everything is dumb, so Scatter ignored her loftily and rambled on disclosing the idea with which she had become surrounded.

"It's our chance to put Panther across with a bang, Frosty," she told me earnestly. "The chief criticism these people have of American camps is the lack of discipline and control on the part of the camp directors. I heard Mother Panther talking to Miss Hunt about it at rest hour. Now I have an idea for a play that will have loads of action in it and be awfully

By LESLIE C. WARREN

Illustrations by Helen Hokinson

funny and yet it will be awfully revealing, too. It will send those people away with the most exalted view of the American camper that anybody ever had. It will show everything that is good about Panther and," Scatter emphasized this last sentence heavily for Marge's benefit, "everyone in camp will have a chance to be in it. Not just the people who happen to be able to sing!"

These words revealed very sore feelings on the part of Scatter and me and a number of other Panthers. For that summer our management had imported a fancy singing teacher who had promptly divided the camp into Voices who could sing and Lost Voices who couldn't and then she went to work on an operetta version of *Alice in Wonderland* which had been given the week before for the benefit of our parents and visitors, to the everlasting glory of the Voices and the shame of the Lost Voices, who hadn't even been permitted to help with costumes or scenery, and naturally felt the snub.

All but Scatter. She is seldom left out of anything and, although she can't sing, she managed to wangle herself the job of prompter. Koko, too, was another Lost Voice who had a place in the operetta, that of pianist. The rest of us were audience.

Marge was not enthusiastic over the idea of Scatter's play.

"Why go to the trouble of getting up a new play?" she demanded. "Why not give *Alice* over again?"

Marge is a Voice and an influential one and this naturally would be her idea.

Scatter was struck silent by the proposition—an unusual state for her to be in and an uncomfortable one, too. But she was too clogged with objections to be able to produce any of them and she just stopped stock still and waved her arms frantically and spluttered.

"All right!" replied Marge coolly, walking on to the beach. "Bring up the question at campfire and we will discuss it."

There was a gleam in Marge's eye when she said this and the gleam was proved to be justified. For the question, when

brought up in open forum, quickly turned from a discussion to civil war which was much to Marge's pessimistic taste.

"Panther! Panther!!" We Lost Voices, led by Scatter, pointed our noses to the stars and shrieked aloud in a valiant effort to argue down the larger and more vociferous group of Voices on the opposite side of the campfire. And they, under the able leadership of contralto Marge, swarmed fraternally and howled "Alice! Alice!!"

An adventurous loon, coasting nearby on the lake, added his mad yells to the mêlée, and all was gorgeously hysterical. The management, although a firm believer in the rights of free expression, began to get somewhat restive under this deluge of it and Mother Panther signaled for silence, which was finally accomplished by Cappy, our own special councillor, wrapping a long arm around Scatter's head and muzzling her with her hand, while a large and portly Voice sat heavily upon Marge's face.

"Now, girls," spoke Mother Panther soothingly, "we aren't deciding anything in this way. Suppose we have the leader of each group give her reasons for and against and then we can vote. Margery, you may speak first."

Marge bounced up from retirement and began to argue efficiently.

"It's just more reasonable to give *Alice* again," she said. "We acted it only last week and it's all rehearsed and the costumes are made and it seems dumb to work up something new on such short notice. Of course, it is too bad for the girls who can't sing to be left out again, but we think that they ought to have enough camp spirit—"

At this point Scatter, goaded to desperation, bit Cappy's hand with fervor and became vocal once again.

"That's not so, Marge Woodward," she declared furiously. "It's just because we *have* so much camp spirit—"

Cappy, wounded but indomitable, captured Scatter with the other hand and extinguished her again. Marge brought her argument to a triumphant close and sat down, smugly confident that she had made a splendid impression on Mother Panther, which she honestly had.

Then came Scatter's turn to speak. She sat cross-legged in the firelight with her red forelock straggling in her eyes, her thin face eager, and she talked very fast.

"I think that we ought to give a show that represents camp," she said. "Something that tells everything about Panther and how wonderful it is. *Alice* is all right, but it isn't Panther and it's English, and these English people must have seen it dozens of times. They'll think we're awful copy cats if we give it for them. And I don't care whether

I can sing or not. After all I am the prompter for *Alice* and that's more important than Marge Woodward who is nothing but the Two of Spades—"

Marge rose to the bait and confusion threatened to become more confused. But Mother Panther dealt with it with a firm hand and Scatter continued unabashed:

"Our idea is to make up a play that is awfully funny and work just loads of camp atmosphere into it, things like the doctor and her morning jerks, and Sunday hikes, and inspection, and athletics and camp songs—oh, just slews of camp songs because they are most expressive of Panther and because we can all sing them whether we are Voices or Lost Voices. Honestly, Mother Panther, it wouldn't be much work and we have until Thursday night to get ready and this is only Saturday."

Mother Panther and the rest of the management pondered, and Scatter and Marge glowered at each other across the glowing embers of the campfire.

"Well," said Mother Panther at length, "we can see the point of view of the Lost Voices very clearly and we agree with them heartily. A play that would be typical of Panther would be the very best thing to show to these English friends during their short evening here—" Scatter hugged her knees rapturously and leered at Marge through the smoke. "But," continued Mother Panther, and now it was Marge's turn to leer triumphantly, "we must consider the time element and the fact that whatever we give must be well done. *Alice* is all ready to be produced again, it is excellently conceived, the costumes are attractive and the girls manage it well. Yes, I think that the wisest thing for us to do would be to give *Alice* for our guests."

Scatter was crushed and Marge highly elated.

"May we vote on it?" Marge asked very politely.

"Of course," replied Mother Panther, resting serene on the fact that the Voices outnumbered the Lost Voices three to one.

At the adverse result of the vote Scatter started to go into action again. "Never say die" is her motto, but Mother Panther held up her hand against any further skirmishing.

"It's too late to argue any more tonight, and anyhow that vote settled the matter. Come now, girls, it's bedtime. We will have our good night song right here on the beach."

On the way back to Loon Attic, our dressing room in Shack Two, Scatter orated volubly and raucously against the bitterness of life in general and of that at Panther in particular, although nobody paid very much attention to her.

I PEERED ABOUT ME NERVOUSLY, FIDGETING AND UNHAPPY, AND ONCE AGAIN CAPPY SCOWLED AT ME AND I FACED FRONT AGAIN





"It's always bedtime," she complained. "Always and forever bedtime just when I want to do something else. I know I could have talked Mother Panther around in spite of that vote, but what can you do when she says 'bedtime' in a voice like that and begins to sing all over the place. It's not a fair way to end an argument and I don't want to go to bed anyhow," she ended gloomily.

"Probably not, you important prompter," jeered Marge heartlessly. "You're annoyed because you didn't get your own way."

But Scatter ignored her. She had stopped short on the rocky trail that led to the shacks, to the intense discomfort of those who were behind her, two of whom walked right up her back before they could stop themselves. But Scatter only laughed pleasantly over this inconvenience and in the starlight I could see that she was pulling and twisting her red forelock, always a sure sign of trouble for someone.

"I have an idea, Frosty," she chortled to me. Then she raised her voice commandingly. "All you Lost Voices rally around! I have a keen idea, so let's arrange a conference."

"Here am I," I murmured obediently as she looked around.

"And I!" shrieked Koko and Dizzy in chorus, both enthusiastic.

"And me, too," reported Man o' War, her white teeth gleaming in the dim light.

"And I. And I."

Scatter flashed her buglight around the circle of her cohorts, ten in all.

"Meet me behind the ice house after inspection tomorrow," she commanded briefly. "I have a thought."

And therewith she waxed dumb nor could persuasion nor threat force anything further from her that night, although I could hear her giggling and hiccuping to herself in bed long after taps had gone and all Panthers were supposedly asleep.

The following morning we Lost Voices gathered behind the ice house in that convenient half hour that comes between inspection and church on Sunday. Scatter cast a cold and calculating eye over the company and twisted her forelock into an imposing curl. Then she plunged into her subject without preamble.

"Marge and those Voices of hers make me very ill," she told us, "and I have a corking idea to play a good joke on them and get even with them for being so special. They won that vote last night, so they'll have to give Alice for those people, to the everlasting disgrace of Panther and the American 'teen age girl. There's nothing we can do to stop them without making a mess of the show and that wouldn't be fair to Panther. Would it?"

Scatter asked this question in a hopeful voice and I knew that she wouldn't have minded if we disagreed with her. But we didn't and she went on.

"Well, the dress rehearsal is Wednesday evening and my idea is for us to come dashing into Alice with all sorts of Panther stunts and get them all agog. It won't do any harm, for they already know their parts and a dress rehearsal isn't really necessary. We can show them how good a real Panther show can be. They'll be sorry they insisted on giving Alice."

"But we couldn't do that. They wouldn't let us," pro-

tested Man o' War, aghast with horror at such audacity, and the rest of us nodded in agreement. It didn't seem feasible.

But Scatter under criticism became more vehement than before, and she began to talk with her arms and hands as well as her voice.

"Don't be dodos!" she implored us. "Can't you see how easy it will be? I'm the prompter so I can keep the thing going when the regular actors get baffled by what is going on, and Koko is the pianist so she has all the musical part in her power. All the rest of you can take camp parts and you must be hidden in intricate and unlikely places so that you can come dashing onto the stage to forestall the real characters without being caught. For instance, we could start this way: When Alice is found sitting on the stage waiting for the White Rabbit to appear, we'll just beat the Rabbit to it. We'll have Frosty come tumbling through the window at the back of the stage looking frightfully harassed with a wet towel tied around her head. She's got up early in the morning to write the Log and she will recite some of it to Alice to let her and the Voices know what our play is all about. Something like this perhaps:

This is the log of the Panthers  
A treasure of priceless worth  
To the camp in this place in the  
pine trees  
The most valuable thing on earth.  
In it I write of Scatter,  
And Koko and Man o' War  
And all the other Lost Voices  
And all the things they stand for.

This verse was a direct steal from the play that Shack Two had given recently, but it was apt and we began to laugh insanely at the idea of working it into Alice. Scatter grinned at us smugly and went on with her thoughts.

"Of course, Alice will be completely baffled and the raging Voices will be raving for Frosty's blood so she can't stay long on the stage. She'll say to Alice, 'Run down to the shack and fetch me my fountain pen. Quick now!' Which is Alice's own cue and I will prompt her loudly with her next lines and Frosty can disappear through the window again and the play will go on into the scene in the Duchess' kitchen. We'll send Man o' War into that scene dressed like the doctor and she will sample the soup and examine the baby and the pig and we'll make up corker lines to go

with it and everyone will have to be terribly quick at leaping onto the stage and getting off it before she is captured. It will be neat!"

We all began to have ideas at this point and all began to tell them at once and all was pleasantly delirious. But Scatter's voice rose above the confusion.

"The finale will be best of all," she proclaimed, "for we will all mix ourselves up in that and in the tableau at the end, and Koko will strike up the music of some camp song and we'll sing and sing all the songs we know, ending up with the Panther song. And I am willing to bet that the Voices will join us, and gladly, too."

Scatter paused here and gloated happily over her last masterly thought and the rest of us gloated with her. But Man o' War, being a law-abiding child as yet, was still somewhat troubled with fearful and disturbing thoughts.

"But won't the councillors (Continued on page 34)



"OH, CAPPY," SHE PLEADED PITEOUSLY, "I DIDN'T KNOW THOSE PEOPLE WERE THERE!"



Harriet Moncure

# Picnic Days Are Here

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

*Illustrations by Harriet Moncure*

EVERYBODY loves a picnic! There are all kinds of picnics; carefully planned ones, and impromptu ones; picnics where you have made beautiful sandwiches and layer cakes beforehand, and picnics you think of all of a sudden and gather together a dozen eggs from the ice box and a pat of butter and a loaf of bread and a bag full of red apples, and go off for the day. If you know how to get up a good picnic, you will always be popular.

Of course, the kind of a picnic you give depends on where you live. If you go to the seashore in the summer, you can plan wonderful sailing parties or beach suppers. If you go to the mountains, it is thrilling to cook chops or a steak over a friendly fire on a crisp, cool evening. If your Girl Scout troop is in the habit of getting together for outings, a picnic makes a pleasant objective. There is always a river or a lake or a hilltop with a gorgeous view within hiking or driving distance.

It is tantalizing to have a perfect day come along and find you can't go off on a spree just because the shops are closed or you don't want to waste time getting ready. So I suggest that you keep some of the necessary picnic equipment on hand. You can raid the ice box or the pantry shelves for food, but it is not always so easy to find paper napkins and cups, toasting forks and can openers, on the spur of the moment.

All these supplies may be bought at the five and ten cent store. Begin by buying one of the big paper market bags, and then go from counter to counter and select all the handy picnic things you need. First of all, you will want such useful objects as a can opener, a bottle opener, a bread knife, a toasting fork, a big spoon, a small knife for fruit, and any other tools that look convenient. A pair of scissors and a ball of string sometimes come in very handy. Then there are the little packets of pasteboard spoons, lily cups, wooden or paper plates and paper napkins. You can even get paper tablecloths, but these are not very practical for picnics as they either get blown away, or tear in being laid on rough surfaces.

When you get home, you can make a very jolly picnic tablecloth of plaid or checked material which will not soil easily and can be washed in between times. The one shown in the picture is made of gay plaid linen in green and yellow and orange. It is a yard and a half square, which is the width of this particular linen, and is hemmed all around, following

the line of the plaid. In each corner is a little pocket, made of orange and green linen. The main square of the pocket is made double and is sewn down

around two sides, and half an inch up each of the other sides, forming a little pocket in each corner of the tablecloth into which stones may be put to weight it down so that the wind will not blow it away. The linen of contrasting color is cut into an "L" shape and trims the pocket, as shown in the illustration.

Another jolly cloth was made of checked green gingham a yard and a half long and just the width of the gingham. This was bound with an inch wide piece of orange binding, and in each corner was a bright colored circle like a real orange made in the form of a pocket. Each orange was further enhanced by two bright green leaves appliquéd on the gingham.

If you are clever with your fingers and want to do something especially unique, you may make a green gingham tablecloth with ships and lighthouses in the corners appliquéd in white and yellow gingham with lovely blue waves. Or if you like woodsy things, do green pine trees on a turquoise blue background with a yellow moon in the distance.

The chief difficulty about picnics is that all the ants and bees and spiders and beetles want to come too. Someone said not long ago that he had heard that ants were the most industrious creatures in the world, but that he personally did not believe it as he never met them anywhere except on picnics. So it is most useful to have little net or voile covers to put over glasses, bottles and pitchers. Of course, these have to be weighted down at the corners so that the wind may not blow them away. These little covers may be made of several different fabrics and should always be washable so that they may be rinsed out after each picnic and put away again in the equipment bag. Voile, neatly hemmed and weighted in the corners or along the edges with bright-colored wooden or composition (Continued on page 39)



AN OILCLOTH PICNIC BAG IS ALWAYS HANDY



ALIDA STOOD THERE HELPLESSLY WHILE MR. MAARTENS SCRUTINIZED HER SKETCHES

# Luck of the Dunes

By ADELE DE LEEUW

Illustrations by Cateau de Leeuw

WELL, *kindje*, what did you do today?" Mijnheer van de Water asked in his deep, rumbling voice.

Alida looked up with relief from the Dutch book she was trying to read. Sometimes she got along very well, but sometimes—like tonight—if she were tired, the Dutch words seemed to stretch in unbroken ranks across the page, with so many double letters and j's and strange vowel combinations that they began to dance up and down before she had divided them into recognizable syllables. The van de Waters told her, with Dutch courtesy, that she was a very quick pupil, but she noticed that they still spoke English to her on nearly all occasions. It shamed her to think that, in spite of her Dutch father, she wasn't able to converse in his language with these relatives of hers, and she was determined to remedy the condition as soon as possible. But in the meantime any diversion was welcomed.

"Oh," she replied now, secretly amused that her uncle should address her as "little child," "I studied my lessons this morning, and this afternoon, before Cornelia and Klaas came home, I went sketching."

"You find our Holland full of material, *niet*?" her uncle said, looking at her over his spectacles. Mevrouw van de Water smiled from the other side of the table, her quick fingers moving in and out in expert fashion on the tapestry she was embroidering. Cornelia and Klaas were deep in their books, oblivious of the world around them, their heads propped in their hands, their eyes eagerly following the printed lines before them. She lowered her voice so as not to disturb them.

"Very full," she said, her eyes glowing with enthusiasm. "It's so different. I sketch everything—the big, clumsy barges on the canals, the little dogs that run up and down on them, the boys selling flowers, the old women in their white caps with black bonnets perched on top. I think that is the funniest sight—" She caught herself up. It certainly wasn't polite to find humor in the customs of the people with whom you were staying. "I didn't mean that. I only meant I'd never seen anything quite like it before."

"Of course it is—funny, as you call it," Mijnheer van

not, my child?" he asked, but he said it in such a kindly way that Alida confessed:

"Yes, I do. I've always been that way. At school I drew cartoons, or at least humorous sketches. I do want to do the other kind, but it doesn't come easily."

"And what news of the good mother?" her uncle inquired. "Has your father written again?"

Alida's face clouded and her eyes grew dark. "Nothing," she said, "except the letter I got yesterday saying that Mother is to be operated on next week and hoping—hoping—"

"Yes, yes, *kindje*, we all hope," her aunt said soothingly. "You must not for a moment think otherwise. Your mother is of fine physique, your father is giving her every care, the doctors in Vienna are among the finest in the world—" "But, Aunt Geertruida, Vienna is so far away! I keep thinking—" Resolutely then, she changed the trend of her thoughts. "You've been so kind, so thoughtful. But, oh, if I could only have gone with them!"

"But consider, *kindje*. Your father would have been still more worried, having you to look after as well as your mother. Now he can give his whole attention to her welfare. And see, how faithfully he writes."

Alida's expression did not change. "You must be brave, and think only good, Alida," her aunt continued softly. "I am sorry, though, that you must be so much alone. It is not right. But Cornelia and Klaas have their school work. However, soon it will be vacation time, and then it will be better."

"I understand how it is," Alida hastened to say. "I don't mind." She did mind, of course. She must try not to let it show. But it was so hard!

It had been hard to leave home, knowing that she was accompanying her parents across the ocean on such a desperate pilgrimage; it had been hard to part from them, here in the pleasant Haarlem home of the van de Waters, while they journeyed on in search of health for her mother; to have the continual worry and the uncertainty, and yet try to maintain an interest in her new surroundings and be a polite and not troublesome guest. Ordinarily, under hap-



pier circumstances, she would have reveled in her new experiences, for here she was in a country that was part of her heritage, where her father had been born; she was in the house where he had visited as a little boy, she was surrounded by scenes that were not only familiar to him, but that had become dear to her from hearing him talk about them, and that now she was finding quite as delightful and quaint as she had imagined them. Only, beneath all her surface gaiety and her enjoyment of these new experiences, there was that gnawing little ache. Yet she must remember what her mother had said to her, leaning down to kiss her goodbye before she took the train for Vienna: "Be brave, darling, for my sake. It will make it so much easier for me."

Corry and Klaas had taken her under their wings and had shown her all their favorite haunts, had introduced her to their friends, had got up little parties for her, had been the dearest cousins imaginable. If she couldn't express to them all she felt in the still difficult Dutch tongue, she could squeeze Corry's hand and smile at Klaas, and that was a language everyone understood.

Uncle David had bought her a bicycle so that she could ride with his children, and the three of them had gone off on all day trips, their lunches done up by the fat cook—lunches that were tremendous, and that they managed to eat to the last crumb. Everyone had a bicycle in Holland, it seemed to Alida, and she liked the way the people rode together, their wheels side by side, perfectly timed, their hands on each other's shoulders. It was a gay and intimate way of doing, and she and Corry rode long hours that way without being tired.

Mevrouw van de Water had laid down her tapestry work and picked up the paper. "There is a notice here that the bulb fields will be at their best next week. That is something you must not miss, Alida."

"But nothing could be more beautiful than your garden, Aunt Geertuida," Alida responded.

Her aunt laughed. It was a full-throated, jolly laugh, as comforting as herself. "You are a sweet *kindje*," she said. "But our garden is only as big as the tip of your little finger compared to the bulb fields."

"The fields?" Corry looked up suddenly from her books. "Oh, splendid! Mother, Klaas and I will take Alida for a—what she called a 'nicpic'—Sunday, and show her—"

Alida kept back her laughter. "A picnic, Corry dear."

"Very well, a picnic, then," Corry went on calmly. "It certainly is a foolish word, whichever way you say it, but I like it. We will go on a picnic, Sunday, and you shall see something."

Sunday proved to be a really beautiful day. There was a little wind, but it was a springlike breeze, and the sun poured down warmly on their backs. Klaas rode in the middle, with Alida on one side and Corry on the other, the lunch basket set in the wire holder on his handlebars.

The road was alive with people. Alida marveled; she had never seen it so crowded, so animated. Cars, bicycles, carriages, hiking couples. There was a holiday air about everyone, too, that was quite infectious. Alida laughed to see that the cars were draped over their hoods and windshields with lovely wreaths of tulips' heads strung on string, that the horses' necks were festooned with them, that the bicyclists had them thrown over their wheels and around their own bodies, and that the hiking couples were intertwined with these chains of red and yellow flowers.

"What a lovely thing to do!" she cried. "Where do they get them?" But no sooner

had she said it than she saw stationed along the road groups of children, or old men and women, busily stringing the flower heads together and holding them up for sale for a ridiculously small sum. "Do you mean to say that's all they cost?" she inquired with an incredulous air. "I shall have one, too."

"So you shall," Klaas hastened to say. "Let's pull over, and I'll buy some wreaths for all of us. Which color will you have?"

"I don't see how they can do it. I feel wicked to be wearing these gorgeous flowers," she cried. "That is, when I think what they would cost at home."

"That's just it," Corry explained. "There they would be valuable and it would be reckless to snap off their heads and string them together to sell for four cents. But here it's only the bulbs that are important. The flowers are unwanted. You will see."

Very soon they came to the beginning of the vast acres given over to the flowering bulbs. Even before the feast of color was visible, Alida lifted her head and sniffed the air rapturously. "Hyacinths!" she breathed. "And narcissus!"

"Acres and acres of them," Corry agreed. "Isn't it enough to give you a headache?"

"It's perfectly heavenly," Alida said. "Ah, there they are!"

And there, too, were the tulips. On either side of the road the ground was spread with color—reds and pinks, yellows and oranges, purples and browns, blues and creamy whites, rising from sheaths of green leaves. Tall tulips bowing regally in the gentle breeze, fat clusters of hyacinths, sunny jonquils and star-shaped narcissi. They stretched to the horizon, in such close-grown rows that the earth from which they sprang could not be seen. They stretched down the road, too, as far as she could see. The whole world around her was a flower garden; the air was a heady perfume. They rode slowly, so that they might drink their fill of this pageant of color, and Alida tried to keep her eyes away from those mounds of withering flowers in the corners of the fields.

"We have tulips at home," she said. "A double row of them down the flagged walk." She had a swift memory of that path, bordered the year round by a succession of flowers, leading to the white house under the oak tree—home. She winked back a suspicion of tears. "But not such



HER KNEES DRAWN UP TO FORM A TABLE FOR HER SKETCH SHE BEGAN TO PAINT

tulips as these!" she hastened to add. "How beautiful they are. Father used to tell me what the fields outside Haarlem were like, and I thought he was just—well, just exaggerating. But now I *know*."

She thought of the gaily patterned fields often during the next week, while Corry and Klaas were at school and she was trying to amuse herself. She wished she could paint them. But fields of tulips wouldn't look like anything in paints. A single tulip would be far more beautiful. That was the difference between art and nature, she said to herself. It was a wonder an artist didn't become discouraged before he started. Yet there was nothing in the world she wanted so much to do as to learn how to draw and paint what she saw.

If only she could have someone to direct her. That was going to be just a dream for a long while, she was afraid. Mother's illness and this trip and, if Mother recovered, the long stay abroad at some watering place, would be expensive. There would not be much chance of art school this year. She didn't care—yes, she did care. But she wouldn't care, if only Mother got well. Nothing really mattered except that.

Thursday was her birthday. Sixteen years old! Sixteen years old, and in Holland, and away from her family on her anniversary for the first time that she could remember. None of the van de Waters knew that it was her birthday. She had not told them because she felt that they were doing enough for her. She wandered around the sunny house all morning, feeling very lonesome and rather heroic, having a birthday all by herself. She could hardly wait for the second post, and when it came she dashed out to watch the maid sorting it and laying it on the hall table. There was nothing for her. Oh, this endless waiting, waiting, waiting!

She made a great effort to be careful at *koffie*, but her mouth drooped in spite of herself, and she had no appetite for the thinly sliced meat, the cucumbers, the cheeses, the crisp biscuits and the excellent Java coffee that comprised the midday meal. Was her father trying to keep something from her? Why didn't she hear? She longed to take a magic journey to Vienna. She pictured herself alighting on the hospital roof, sliding down the chimney into her mother's room, reassuring herself with her own eyes, leaving a kiss on her mother's forehead while she slept, and coming back to Haarlem before the van de Waters had even missed her.

In the midst of this pleasant dream, the maid Hansje handed her a telegram. Her face paled. This was the news she had longed for. Yet now that the thin envelope was in her hands, she dreaded to open it.

With trembling fingers she lifted the flap. The printed words blurred so that she bent her head to decipher them. Then, in a shaky voice, she read aloud:

All the love in the world to my grown-up girl on her birthday. Something in a little white box is being sent you to mark this happy day. The bad time is over and the doctor promises that in six weeks we will all be together again. Isn't that wonderful? Love from Father and your own

Mother

She could barely read the last few words. "Will you—please—excuse me?" she mumbled, smiling and brushing away the tears at the same time, and without waiting for an answer, she dashed out of the room.

She was so wildly happy that she had to get out of the house, do something vigorous, feel the wind in her hair, go where she could laugh and sing out loud. "I think I'll take my sketching block and colors and go out on my bicycle, Aunt Geertruida," she said shortly after luncheon. "I may not paint, but I've got to ride fast!"

"Just be back in time for dinner, *kindje*," her aunt said fondly. "You were a naughty child not to tell us of your fête day. We must have a celebration. Yes, it will be best to have you out of the house while I see what I can do. Go—ride fast," she smiled at Alida, "and keep your chest covered!"

Alida skimmed down the brick roadway, pedaling with furious energy that was a relief to her feelings, and that soon wore her out. Her clear young voice rose in a gay American song, and when people stared at her she smiled sweetly in return. She was happy, and she didn't care who knew it.

Perhaps today, when she was feeling so happy, would be the right time to make another attempt to do a seascape. Since her visits to the Dutch galleries and long hours of eager contemplation of those apparently effortless pictures that gave forth such a marvelous quality that you could almost feel the water and taste the salt, she had decided to try her hand at it, too. If she wanted to be a serious painter, she must begin. There was no better time than now.

She pedaled more slowly through the charming streets of Overveen and Bloemendaal, seeing again the little brick villas and the odd doors and the painted shutters and the lovely rock gardens that had so entranced her before. And then she was out on the dune road, smelling the sea. Her shadow raced beside her, and above her head the clouds raced, too. Even the sand was blown into little swirls by the fitful wind, and here and there she saw the footprint of a rabbit.

She took a circuitous route to the foot of the dunes—the long, low range of sand-hills that stretched, she knew, in an almost unbroken line along Holland's coast. The sea shimmered in the afternoon sun. Far out there was a fishing boat. Here was a picture made to her hand. But could she do it? What a strange color the water was—neither green nor blue, but a sort of gray that had both those colors in it. And the clouds—were they never still? The light changed with their movements, and their shadows on the water gave it a different color, too.

Alida took a cushion from her bicycle basket and placed it so that she could sit with her back against a sand hummock, which protected her nicely from the wind. Then she laid out her box of colors, her brushes, and the little tin of water she carried, and with her knees drawn up to form a table for her sketch block, she began to paint.

She worked hard, but the result did not please her. She tore off the sheet and began another. "Oh, dear," she said out loud, when that one, too, dissatisfied her, "I'm just no good, that's all."

Her arm was joggled suddenly, and she turned to see what had caused it. A little dog sat at her elbow—a funny little dog, an adorable little dog. His pink tongue hung from his mouth, and he was breathing rapidly, as if he had just had a long run. And his eyes, under their shaggy brows, sparkled as if to say that it had also been a glorious run. Alida had not heard him come up, yet beyond him she saw his paw-marks in the sand. She wondered how long he had been sitting there, waiting for some sign of interest from (Continued on page 32)



... AND HOLDING THEM UP FOR SALE

# How to Do Your Hair

**I**T HAS not been so long since we got the better of our hair. Up to that time if we had thin hair we were pitied and if our hair came down to our knees, everybody thought it was wonderful—though dear knows it did more good to the knees than the head and was much less apt to give us style than a headache.

The newer idea in hairdressing is that the hair should play a reasonable part in the whole picture which is you. In other words, that it should be brought into line and given relation to the figure, the contour of the head and the hat, if any. A hairdressing is beautiful, the hairdressers now tell us, only if it is suitable not only to the face, but also to the shape of the head, to the figure, and to the clothes. They talk about "modeling" the hairdressing as if they were sculptors and they have done a great deal to make more heads lovelier.

Certain fundamentals are necessary in a good coiffure, and the most important one is that the hair shall be nice. It doesn't matter about the color or amount, and it doesn't matter whether hair is curly or straight, but to get the best effect it should be healthy with that live springy look that only healthy hair has.

If hair is to look well it should be not only healthy but also scrupulously clean and well brushed. Nothing gives such a well-groomed look to hair as brushing into elegance.

Next to cleanliness comes, of course, precision. A hairdress should be set even if it's a windblown bob. Casualness should never deteriorate into frowziness, and there should be accurate anchoring of any knot and no long ends or straggles.

Hairdressing styles change so rapidly and date one so conclusively that it is difficult to suggest special arrangements, but there is one rule that always holds: The simple coiffure is best, no matter what the prevailing style, for it is kindest to your face. Only the most beautiful girl in the world would look well in an intricate hairdress. Don't put such a strain on your face even if you think it's a pretty good one.

Another convention that goes on being good year after year is that the younger you are the simpler your hairdressing should be. For young girls, if for no one else, styles are classic and enduring.

Little girls look charming with long hair and with a bang in front, a ribbon tied up around the head with a bow on top, or the front hair drawn across to one side of the head and tied with a ribbon.

Of course, if the hair is worn hanging long it must be kept beautifully brushed and I know that that's a trial. If it seems too difficult, there's always the pigtail plan. The hair is divided through the center, plaited in two pigtails and tied with ribbons. It's charming.

Girls getting along to their teens who resent pigtails may wear their hair in a not-too-short bob with perhaps a bar-

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

*Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion*

*Illustration by Katherine Shane Bushnell*



IT'S REALLY AN ASSET NOWADAYS TO HAVE LESS HAIR

rette to hold the front locks back at one side. For young girls, a shaped bob such as older women wear is not good. Young girls whose hair is naturally curly—such hair often doesn't grow very long—can wear it shoulder length and caught at the back of the neck with a barrette.

At about sixteen a more grown-up hairdressing is suitable. Then if the hair is worn short, it may be shaped more to the head. If it's worn longer, it may be knotted at the neck, crossed over and pinned under, rolled, set in curls or in whatever fashion is at the moment preferred.

It's really an asset nowadays, when everybody is trying to show a good head contour, to have less hair. Many girls who do not like a bob have their hair shortened to shoulder length and thinned carefully so that there are no ugly bulges. If the head is large this helps the hair problem. If the face is over small, it saves the head from a top-heavy look.

Foreheads are sometimes in style, sometimes not. If yours is

a good one, and if your hairline is pretty, think twice before you cover it up. If you feel you must hide at least some of it to meet a prevailing fashion, study your face carefully and see just how your profile and head contour can be benefited. The very high forehead often needs a little pulling down, and it's the high forehead, too, that usually takes to bangs when bangs are "in."

The downward line in hair is young—down over the forehead, ears and neck—and the upward line swirling up at the back and revealing ears is an older style. It is also true that the covering of the forehead and ears and the curls or knot on the neck is a "thicker," "fluffier" style than is the uncovering of forehead and ears and the flat, smooth neckline. The revealing of part of the ear often lightens a coiffure and makes it look less heavy and the exposure of the whole ear gives a clean-cut, often daring effect. Girls who want to look distinguished rather than pretty often go in for ears. If the nose is prominently aquiline a severe hairdressing with low knot is better than a short cut or a fluffy arrangement.

If the face is slender and the neck long and thin there's a good reason for bringing down the hair on the neck and for fluffing it over the ears. If the neck is short and thick the hairline at the back should be kept flat and neat.

If the hair is worn in a short bob the natural line of the hair at the back should be kept. Never let a barber cut your hair there in an artificial sharp line, or shave the neck. It takes away every bit of charm from your neckline.

The question of whether to part the hair, and if so where, is one that perplexes. In general, a center part is suited to regular features and a side part to irregular. Any part shortens the apparent height of the head and makes it look wider. There is no rule as to whether the hair should be parted on the left or right side. (Continued on page 33)



## The concluding chapters of our serial by MARGARET YOUNG LULL

IT WAS the first time Arley had seen Philip admit defeat, and for a moment the shock almost unnerved her. But her courage came back promptly. "Phil," she said determinedly, "I don't know a thing in the world about a cannery, but I do know the spirit of this district. The burden isn't yours alone now; it's everyone's. In this crisis we must be minute men ready for duty. I know there's not an able-bodied person in the Basin who won't work night and day to save the fruit."

"That's what Conetti, the boss at the cannery, said," admitted Philip. "Tonight when we told him we had to close, he just wouldn't give up."

"That's the way to talk," declared Arley firmly. "Phil, I want to see that man at once. Come, let's not stand moping here. There's always a way out, and we're sure to find it in this case. Come, let's get going."

"Arley," Philip's voice shook, "just talking to you seems to give me hope."

"Then come. We'll go and tell the others and make our plans. Then I must start home right away to get ready for tomorrow's work."

Mary Lou and Ruth received the news in consternation. Larry's face was grim. "Darn it! If I could only do something to help you out, old man." He turned wretchedly to Philip. "I'm so rotten useless right now."

"Don't worry, Larry, we'll find something you can do," Arley cried vigorously. "We've all got to help. A big idea's

been born in my mind and I'm going to put it to the test right now. People will come to the rescue, I'm sure, even if they have to work for nothing. I'm going to start working in the cannery tomorrow, and I know I can count on you, Ruth."

"Of course," Ruth answered promptly. "I'll get a substitute and come."

"Count me," cried Mary Lou eagerly. "Wasn't I wishing for this just a little while ago?"

"Minute man number two," said Arley briskly. "I'm recruiting officer until the ranks are full. And now I've got to go home and get busy on the telephone. I'm going to ask people to help save the Cooperative. They'll come. Just you wait and see."

Arley's assurance that the Basin would rise to the occasion buoyed even Philip's flagging faith. By the time Arley and Mary Lou started back to the Basin the volunteer corps had been increased to five and Ruth promised to spend the evening on the telephone, gathering new recruits for the big job ahead.

"The next thing is to see Conetti," Arley told Mary Lou on the homeward ride. "We'll drive around by the cannery and I'll talk to him myself to make sure he'll stay on the job."

The cannery was still lighted when the girls drew up before its door. Though the machinery was silent, people passed to and fro across the yard and went in and out of the

doors. Inside the huge canning room clean-up workers were still busy at their tasks, bent old men in loose overalls washing down the tables, young boys picking debris from the floor. Heavy, sweet odors filled the air, and beyond the half-shut sliding door to one side of the main workrooms rose tier upon tier of boxes filled with fragrant fruit.

Arley made her way between the tables and opened



Illustrations by

Henrietta

McCaig

Starrett

BUT EVEN PHILIP WAS DIFFICULT. "YOU MEAN YOU DON'T INTEND TO LIVE HERE AT ALL ANY MORE?"

# Face West

the door of the cook room whose air was heavy with sweetish, fruity odors and pale with clouds of cooling steam. "Are you Mr. Conetti?" she asked of the room's occupant.

He nodded and came toward her. "Yes, ma'am. That's me."

"Then I want to talk to you," said Arley earnestly. "Mr. Brainerd's told you about the cannery's closing. But it can't close, Mr. Conetti. We mustn't let it. If you can keep this place running we'll all come and work. I've several volunteers already and I can get a great many more. I know we can do it if you'll stay."

The dark man's face came alight. "That's what I told the boss," he exclaimed eagerly. "I told him today we couldn't quit."

"And couldn't you get just a few of these people who understand the work to stay on?" Arley entreated. "We'll have to have some experienced help. We're all green hands, you know."

"Yeah. I can get 'em," Conetti agreed with a satisfied grunt. "There's some here don't want to quit no more'n me."

"And—" Arley swallowed nervously. There was something more that she must say. "And if any of these people you ask to stay get afraid for their pay, Mr. Conetti, tell them that I'll be personally responsible for their getting it. Please tell them that."

"All right," assented the boss. "I'll tell 'em it's O. K."

As Arley walked back through the canning room and out to the car her heart pounded wildly. What had she done! It had been sheer madness to give such a promise. Yet she would not have recalled a single word. No matter what happened the work must go on, no matter how much was sacrificed it should be paid for. Arley did not speak to Mary Lou of the promise she had given. But that night, after an hour busy at the telephone and another spent in preparation for the next day's work, she sat up still later to write a letter. It was addressed to Mrs. Gardiner of White Plains, New York, and offered her valuable cameo for sale.

Throughout the Basin the response to the Association's call for help was instant and whole-hearted, and the busy days that followed disclosed many surprising talents among the volunteer workers who came to the rescue of the peach crop. The women of the Basin worked bravely at the difficult task. Lib Cleaver's deftness and speed so endeared her to Conetti that he offered her a permanent job in any cannery it was his lot to oversee. But none proved more skillful at the canning than Mary Lou.

"I'm a wow at this," she wrote home proudly. "The best little peach packer in the bunch. And, but for fortuitous chance, I'd never have discovered my life's work."

Tom brought his baseball nine to volunteer as tray carriers, and they vied with each other in speed, maintaining in the cannery their old sporting spirit of the diamond. Even Slippery Jones offered to hose down the walls at night, and served faithfully for a week. Then one night, when picking in the Hazen orchard was near its close, he failed to come; and word came that Slippery had eloped with Grandma Lebner and, in spite of her family's dismay, was moving on with them to a new home. Amanda Peake did her best to help in the afternoon after she had delivered the mail, and Philip was everywhere, leaving the ranch to Singh's care and neglecting his own crop while he worked for the Association's very life. And it was terrific work!



THERE WAS A SONG IN HER HEART AS SHE SPREAD OUT THE NEW FINERY

*For what has happened so far in this story, see page forty-eight*

"You were right about the spirit of the Basin," he said to Arley one day when he paused beside the table where she tirelessly worked at the cutting. "It's proved just what you said it would be. I used to think that the Association was my job alone, but now all of you have taken it out of my hands."

Arley reached up a fruit-stained finger to wipe a wisp of dark hair from her eyes. "It's the principle back of it we're working for, Phil. You saw it first, but now we all see."

Philip's gray eyes grew dark with feeling. "Arley," he said earnestly. "I don't know if we'll put this thing across or not. It seems impossible most of the time. But if we do succeed it will be because you made us."

"Nonsense, Phil." She reached for another peach to slice. "It's been your work. I've only encouraged and helped."

But though the work was moving briskly through the aid of the volunteer corps, the need of money was now a matter of grave concern. Some of the employees must be paid. There were many bills to be met. Where was the money coming from? Again the specter of failure stalked down the aisles of the cannery and Arley's eyes smarted more cruelly than her arms as she bent over her work.

She had expected an immediate offer for her cameo. But Mrs. Gardiner was in Europe and a secretary replied

that the letter had been forwarded to her there. More delay! And in the meantime what would happen? How could they carry on? Arley hardly dared to think. Bending over the cutting in the heat of late afternoon, the girl's spirits had sunk to lowest ebb. Her back was tired. Her head and eyes ached with futile thinking, and her hands were a mass of cruel hurts.

"Well, young lady, putting up a fight, aren't you?" She looked up through quivering lashes to see Peter Dunstan beside her, smiling down. "I heard about this. Came over here today just on purpose to see for myself if it was true."

"I—I'm trying." Arley's voice faltered. "I don't know how we'll come out."

Dunstan looked at her sharply. "Where are you getting the cash?"

"I have an old jewel I can sell," Arley answered slowly. "But I haven't got the money yet."

"Shouldered it yourself, eh?" There was an unwonted huskiness in Dunstan's deep voice. "That shows real grit, young lady. I'm proud of you."

Ed Cleaver, whose work was supplying the cutters with fruit, took Arley's empty box away and placed a full one by her side. As he was turning away Peter Dunstan stopped him and looked at him intently a minute, puzzled.

"Say," the fruit magnate demanded sharply. "I know your face. Where have I seen you before?" His eyes were riveted on Cleaver's face.

Cleaver chuckled unpleasantly. "Sure you'd ought to remember me, Mr. Dunstan. We played a good trick on you once."

"I know now," Dunstan frowned darkly. "I never forget a face. You worked for that outfit that double-crossed me ten years ago. Crooked thieves. I could have sent you all to jail."

"Outwitted you, didn't we, Mr. Dunstan?" Cleaver cackled. "But, honest, I never got nothin' out of it. Halliday never give me a cent."

"Halliday?" Dunstan snapped. "What had Halliday to do with it? I thought it was Howard's job." Peter Dunstan's huge hand seized Cleaver's shoulder in a fierce, compelling grip.

"My eye, no!" Cleaver protested, shrinking back. "Not Howard. We couldn't tell Howard. He wouldn't a stood fer it."

Dunstan's hands, loosening their grasp on Cleaver, fell limp at his sides. His face was drawn with emotion and he leaned against the cutting rack, staring impotently after the lank shuffling figure as Cleaver slunk away. Then he pulled himself erect. "Come away from here," he said huskily to Arley. "Outside. I've got something to say to you. Let's get out of this jam."

On the hard, sun-baked path outside the cannery Dunstan turned to face the girl, taking her shoulders between his heavy hands. "You heard what that fellow said." Dunstan spoke almost sternly. "Well, at last I believe, young lady. I take my medicine, and I've got a debt to pay. My best friend died hating me because I threw him down."

Dunstan's voice broke. "I wouldn't wait for his explanation. Always so darned sure I was right." He paused and turned his head away. After a moment he went on. "Go home and wash up, my girl," he said gently. "And tell Ashton and Brainerd I'm behind their project from now on. And I'll stay with 'em till they win."

Thus, by the miracle of Peter Dunstan's influence, a situation that had promised certain failure resulted in a glorious success. The Cooperative was strengthened and the fruit-growers of Bear Basin looked forward to the coming season with new hope.

"You've nothing to worry about now, old dear." Mary Lou assured Arley when they parted at the station. "After all the turmoil, you've come out on top. You even have the family jewel safe," she had laughed as the train pulled slowly away.

Arley waved after her friend with gay good cheer. No need to be lonely and sad, for in a few short months she, too, would be going. It would not seem long to wait. Yes, now she could really go, for by some amazing alchemy all her troubles had been dissipated in a golden flood of good fortune. The final proof of Anthony's death had established their claim to Gloria, the Association had been saved, and even her precious jewel had been rescued. It had not been needed to pay the bills. Everything was working out beautifully. Highlands was to be leased

for a sum quite sufficient to insure Arley's return to school at the mid-year, but though the lessee wished to buy and both Mrs. Wainwright and the lawyer approved the plan, the girl's protest had so far won the day.

"You forget we're going to live there again sometime," she had insisted.

"Not me," Tom interposed scornfully. "I'm not going to live in any clammy old dump with a lot of dead ones in frames."

"Tom!" Arley tried to be shocked, but her protest lacked its old-time fervor. "Tom, I'm ashamed."

"Are you, Mom?" Tom persisted. "You and Gloria and I want to stay here, don't we? There's a good high school right here in the Basin. Besides, I can't leave the team."

Arley laughed. "That settles it for you, then. Well, I'll come back and see you some day."

Weeks, bright with blue gold sunshine, came and fled across Bear Basin. The fall rains arrived with a sting in the air after clearing; and the wide, rich stretches of orchard, which Arley had seen change from winter bareness through flush of

blossoming pink to soothing green, put on an autumn crown of red and gold. The heat and struggle of the summer were forgotten.

The football season had begun and already came new stories of Win's prowess. He would be coming West early in November and Arley began to look forward with new eagerness to the longed-for event which was now so close at hand. She would have something to tell Win when he came. She had pledged Mary (Continued on page 46)

## Experience

ALINE KILMER

*DEBORAH danced, when she was  
two,  
As buttercups and daffodils do;  
Spirited, frail, naively bold,  
Her hair a ruffled crest of gold.  
And whenever she spoke her voice went  
singing  
Like water up from a fountain springing.*

*But now her step is quiet and slow;  
She walks the way primroses go;  
Her hair is yellow instead of gilt,  
Her voice is losing its lovely lilt;  
And in place of her wild, delightful ways  
A quaint precision rules her days.*

*For Deborah now is three, and, oh,  
She knows so much that she did not know.*

FROM "CANDLES THAT BURN" BY ALINE KILMER.  
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## “I Am a Girl Who—

*was spoiled, selfish and self-opinionated, overbearing and conceited and thought I loved it all until I found a truer basis for my pride”*

EVERYBODY thought I was an only child. People who didn't know anything about my family

would always tell me how lucky I was not to have any brothers to tease me or else they would say what a shame it must be never to have any other children at home to play with. Sometimes I'd let them think so as long as I could, because it would have been embarrassing to come right out with the truth, but in the end they'd always find out. I'd forget and say something like “Groton? Oh, yes, Ted's getting out of Groton this spring—” and then the same old dialogue would take place.

“Ted Bartlett? I thought he went to Andover.”

“He did. I mean my brother Ted.”

“Well, for goodness' sake, I didn't know you had a brother. How long since?”

“I've always had a brother, if you must know,” I would say, “and not only one brother, but three of them and a sister besides.”

It was no wonder people thought what they did about me, now I look back on it. I had that air about me of being a person who has always had her own way and always will. And it was true. I'd had everything I ever wanted and a lot of other things besides. I was endowed from the first with everything a girl human being could ask for. It sounds conceited to say this about myself, but if you knew me now you'd realize that the only reason I'm telling it *all* to you is

Illustration by Janice Watben

that it's a necessary part of this story; in fact, it's really the whole point.

My sister had been intended to be exactly the way I turned out. In order to offset the three boys in the family, she was supposed to have been the perfect little girl—curly hair, beautiful skin and all that. But she was a disappointment. Not that everyone didn't love her. No one could help feeling affection for a child with such a sweet disposition. But you couldn't dress her up in organdie ruffles and she would have looked foolish carrying a tiny Persian lamb muff with her winter coat. She couldn't take part in the May Fair dances and she wasn't self-possessed enough to feel at ease when parties were given for her.

But I was all this and more. I really was pretty, and it wasn't the beautiful but dumb way of being pretty either, because I was clever. I could do things and do them well. I was always the youngest girl in my class and even at that I didn't have to spend all my time grinding to get good marks in my studies. I was just naturally bright. I was just naturally a good dancer. And I was no slouch at the sports that were so important a part of our school's excitement. I really *was* a lucky person, but I did nothing to show my appreciation for the kindness of the Fates.

The horrible part of my confession is that I didn't come to my senses by overhearing some remark about myself and then going and mending my ways through a self-inspired determination. Oh, no. I knew that (Continued on page 42)



## It's a Good Sign

*—when you letter it and paint it and chip it as described in this article, and it's something that the whole camp will be proud of, too*

**N**OW that camp days are here again, we find a host of things to do to make the camp look even better than it did last year. Whether we are already camping or whether we are planning to go, we can keep ourselves busy making endless things that are needed at camp.

The cooks, for instance, always feel honored with new pot holders, some additions to the supply of dish towels help to lighten certain kapers, or the infirmity sheets and towels may need mending or replenishing.

Or better yet, we can be very original and make some new signs which will really dress up camp. Many neglect to repaint or repair their tent and cabin signs until not even a magnifying glass helps to read them. Chip signs are very

By GWEN J. HURD

Illustrations by Miriam Plante

in sketching the design, although, of course, she will always try to have her picture related to the subject of the sign. For instance, a sign for one of the camp's Indian unit cabins

might have an Indian tepee surrounded by trees as shown in the sketch. The design does not necessarily complicate the chipping. It can be arranged so that most of the detail is painted on, leaving only the outline to carve around.

The artist must always keep in mind the carver who is the next worker on the sign. And since the carver must have definite lines for her knife to follow there is no use of putting in either shading or fancy flourishes.

When the artist has finished her task she gives the sign to the girl who is handiest with the jack-knife. Her first job is to trace around the border, around each letter, and around the design. This tracing is done with the small blade of the Girl Scout knife, keeping it a little more than an eighth of an inch in the wood all of the time. The purpose of this tracing is to give the letters straight edges so they will stand out plainly. Of course, the patrol's first aider has checked her kit beforehand to prepare for any emergency accident among the sign makers, but just the same a steady hand is necessary for more than self-protection. It will give the letters a straighter edge.

Having finished the tracing the carver begins the part of her work which gives the sign its name—the chipping. This

is begun in the upper left hand corner of the sign close to the border, working from left to right and always with the grain of the wood. If the wood is not very brittle it will come off in strips rather than chips. These first few strips

will come off very rapidly, but when the carver gets to the top of the letter she will have to go a little more slowly and more carefully because the sign might easily be ruined by "skinning" the letters. (Continued on page 44)



effective for camp, and here is the way to go about making them. You will find them easy to make and great fun, too.

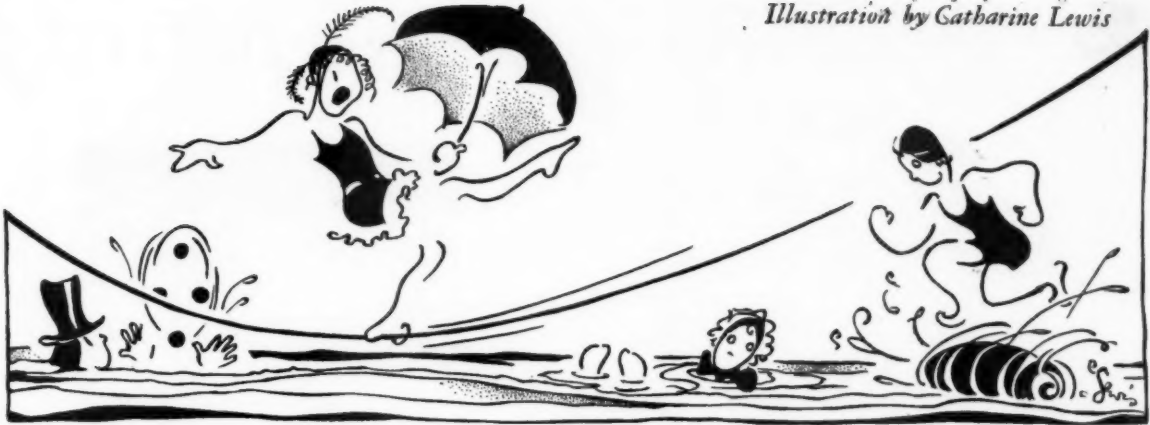
First of all go to the nearest lumber yard and order some pieces of white pine. The average size for a good plain cabin sign is twenty-two inches by five and three-quarter inches.

The wood should be about three-quarters of an inch thick and cut so that the grain of the wood goes with the long dimension of the sign. Of course, signs with a great deal of lettering will have to be made on larger pieces of wood. You will have to consider that before you do anything else.

When your wood is ready, it is time to call for the services of the girls of the patrol who like to draw letters. To begin with, the letter-maker will put a one inch border all the way around the sign, drawing it with a pencil. Then come the letters of the name itself! If you are a novice, it will be best first to put the lettering on a thin sheet of paper the exact size of the board. Do not be discouraged if you have to use several sheets of paper before your letters are perfect. And when they are, it is time to pass the sign to the troop artist. She is allowed unlimited originality



Illustration by Catharine Lewis



# A Water Circus Is Fun!

By OLIVE McCORMICK

**A** CIRCUS is fun, whether we watch it or give it ourselves. And a water circus is even

more fun than one on land—so say those who have taken part in one—partly because it's less usual, perhaps, and partly because stunts in the water can be so very amusing.

If you are spending the summer near the water, read the following suggestions for a water circus to your friends and see if they don't want to join in giving one. Or, if you are at camp, or going to camp, your waterfront director may help you put on a water circus for Parents' Day.

Of course, a most important feature of a circus is the band. Kazoos, combs, dish pans and horns will make excellent instruments. The costumes can be coats with big gold buttons made of milk bottle tops painted gold; a brightly colored dust mop from the five-and-ten cent store will make a fine pompom for the bandmaster's helmet, which is made of cardboard and painted silver.

Following the band will come the Ring Master, dressed in a frock-tail coat and high hat, riding on the famous "educated horse." As he comes before the audience he will dismount and have his horse perform. The animal, bowing to the audience, will answer questions which are asked by the Ring Master, by shaking his head, or will play dead when told to lie down. The horse is fashioned of gunny sacks for the body and cardboard for a head. It will take about six sacks—two for the body and four for the legs. Two people will fit into the body. The front one stands with her legs in the horse's front legs and holds the horse's head with her hands. The rear one puts her legs in the rear legs of the gunny sack horse and bends at the waist and holds on to the waist of the person in the front part. The Ring Master sits on the rear person's back. Care must be taken that the front and rear "legs" understand their signals, or the rear legs may back up as the front ones start forward, causing a catastrophe.

Following this act will come the clowns dressed in clown costumes and doing cart wheels, somersaults and other acrobatic stunts. These will add a great deal to the entertainment.

Next will be the fat man, stuffed with pil-

lows; a skinny woman, who walks on stilts; a snake charmer, who winds snakes made of rope around her body and arms; and a "half man and half woman," dressed on one side as a girl and on the other as a man with a moustache and slick hair, boy's trousers and shoes.

There are many other famous circus characters who will add to the parade and many animals made in the same manner as the horse, such as the giraffe, lion and zebra. There may also be a chariot race with the contestants dressed in Roman costumes, pushing wheelbarrows, and the parade can end out on the dock which is decorated with flags and colored streamers.

After the parade, the Ring Master steps forward and announces the stunts, giving a real circus "spiel" about each one.

The following stunts and races are done in the water. But, remember, they will take practice and should only be done if you are sure that the performers can take care of themselves in the water. A Red Cross life-saver must be on hand and, of course, all swimmers will have their buddies who will watch them every minute that they are in the water.

The following stunts are to be used in races:

## Marching on the Water

Position on back with hands on hips. Move in direction of feet, by using a bicycle pedaling movement with feet. The effort is put into the pull back with the arch of the foot on the water. The relaxed movement is completing the circle with the reach forward.

## Baby in a Bath Tub

Position on back with knees bent up to chest under water. Only feet and head are above water. The body is propelled in a circle or forward by sculling with the hands; that is, moving the hands back and forth under water at the hips.

The effort is applied to  
(Continued on page 38)





# Camping



DIRECTLY ABOVE IN THE COVERED WAGON ARE SOME GIRL SCOUTS OF RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA AT CAMP EMERSON. AT THE RIGHT OF THESE MODERN PIONEERS IS ANOTHER GIRL SCOUT OF DES MOINES, IOWA, BEGINNING HER SETTING UP EXERCISES WITH A GOOD STRETCH



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH HAS BECOME ALMOST A LEGENDARY CHARACTER IN MODERN TIMES, BUT THESE GIRLS OF CAMP FLATHER, THE GIRL SCOUT CAMP OF WASHINGTON, D. C., ARE LUCKY, AND HAVE FOUND ONE



THE LOVELY NIGHT SCENE AT THE LEFT WAS TAKEN AT CAMP HOOVER, THE CAMP OF THE SYRACUSE, NEW YORK GIRL SCOUTS. THE DOG SEEMS TO BE ENJOYING THE CAMPFIRE AS MUCH AS THE GIRLS THEMSELVES

# Out

*After a long winter indoors, it is great to be at camp once again, and Girl Scouts from California to Maine are making the most of these July days*

BELOW YOU SEE TWO EXPERT ARCHERS OF TACOMA, WASHINGTON PRACTICING AT CAMP. EVERY ARROW BUT ONE SEEMS TO HAVE GONE WITHIN THE CENTER CIRCLE. NO WONDER THEY LOOK SO PLEASED!



THE FLAT ROCKS ALONG THE GREENBRIAR RIVER AT CAMP ANN BAILEY, THE KANAWHA COUNTY COUNCIL, WEST VIRGINIA GIRL SCOUT CAMP (TOP OF THE PAGE) ARE COMFORTABLE, AS IS THE OUTDOOR KITCHEN OF PHILADELPHIA'S CAMP TALL TREES



HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA GIRLS BUILD A LEAN-TO



THESE TWO SMILING GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA GIRL SCOUTS SEEM TO BE THOROUGHLY ENJOYING THEIR LOFTY PERCH ON THEIR VERY ATTRACTIVE CAMP ENTRANCE SIGN

NOW that summer vacation has really begun, everybody's thoughts are turning to camp. Girls who have been before are anxious to return, and girls who haven't are just as eager to go for the first time and find out for themselves what it's like. Lots of interesting letters have come to THE AMERICAN GIRL offices, telling us about all kinds of activities in many different camps.

Rosalind Myers of Wildwood, New Jersey writes to us about a moonlight hike she went on, at Camp Wigisco.

"Our overnight hike was the last night at camp, so because of the presentation of awards, choosing of Fagot Girls and the annual Councillors' Stunt we did not start until after the nine-thirty goodnight circle.

"We swung out across the bridge, singing gaily. Just as we reached the waterfall, a new silver moon climbed up from the clouds to throw a path across the lake where the darkened Wigisco cabins lay among the trees.

"The fireflies and stars lighted the path as we left the road. The woods became thicker and thicker. The soft lapping of the water told us that the lake was still near at hand. We saw a startled hare dash across a sandy clearing, and smelled the lovely scent of laurel and honeysuckle.

"Leaving the trail behind, we brushed through the pine needles, parted the branches of the scrub oak, and there, hidden in a lovely dogwood grove, were our packs.

"As we made camp a chorus of bullfrogs entertained us. Two miles across the lake we could hear our own camp bugler blowing taps.

"Before very long a hot fire yielded good coals over which to roast stuffed apples and make 'somemores.' Half an hour before midnight we crawled into our blanket rolls. We were serenaded at six by the birds. After a tempting breakfast we broke camp. Then through the woods, over the lake road, past the millpond, across the blackberry pasture and finally Wigisco once more."

### They Took a Three Day Trip

Margaret Seaton of Taylorville, Illinois writes about a three day camping trip that her troop took last August.

"On our first night we pitched two tents, one for a kitchen and the other to sleep in, got everything straightened out and finally settled down to sleep. Sleep—I don't be-

lieve anyone slept more than two hours all night. I guess we were all too excited to care about it. The sleeping tent was about nine by sixteen feet and held five army cots and some other cots that unfolded.

"In spite of the fact that we were very crowded we all had a good time. We took turns watching camp at night, both to learn responsibility and to keep the cows away, and we took turns with the cooking, too. Our water had to be carried about half a mile, four or five times a day, but that just gave us better appetites. No two of us had to go for water twice a day, unless we wanted to.

"The first morning we were there three of us saw a lovely sight. It was a large white heron flying low in the mist, only a few feet from the tops of the trees.

"Baseball games, hikes, fishing, swimming, mussel shell hunting, horseback riding and passing tests kept us busy the whole time. After dark we had a campfire, sang, played games and told stories."

### They Had a Midnight Ride

Girl Scouts have lots of good times at Camp Lakamaga, which is the St. Paul, Minnesota Girl Scout camp. Charlotte Bleher of White Bear, Minnesota writes about an exciting midnight ride and feast there.

"One night about an hour or so after taps we were awakened and told to put on our shoes. Then we were told to go up to the gate and wait for the other campers. So we hurried up there and soon were told to get on a hay wagon that was standing nearby. We rode through the woods singing and hav-

# Now It's

*And Girl Scouts all  
the various things*

ing a grand time. At last we reached a meadow where a campfire was burning.

"We climbed out of the wagon and made a circle and sang and played games until the rest of the camp came. Then we played some more games. Later they passed out marshmallows which we roasted and then went home."

### These Overnight Hikers Got Wet

Marion Craig, a member of Troop One, Wadesboro, North Carolina writes to us about an overnight trip she took at camp, on the shores of Lake Waccamaw.

"One afternoon we were told to prepare for an overnight trip to camp at Duprees Landing, five miles across the lake. An approaching storm made the lake very rough, and engine trouble caused more excitement.

"When the site for our camp was reached the tents were hurriedly pitched and fires were built. Just as we started cooking supper we were driven into a one room hut by a downpour.

"After eating our simple but delicious meal, the sleeping problem arose. The twenty-one girls slept on the floor, packed as tightly as the proverbial sardines. One councillor slept

## OUR STAR REPORTER

*The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.*

*To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.*

THIS month's Star Reporter is Jeanne Eggleton of Troop Seven, Charleston, West Virginia. She writes to us about a treasure hunt she took part in, in camp last summer.

"Have you ever 'treasure hunted' for your supper? Have you ever eaten in Sherwood Forest under the Greenwood Tree? Have you ever been welcomed and served by Robin Hood himself, and his merry men? If you have never done any of these things you have certainly missed a picturesque and joyous time. Just ask any Girl Scout who was in Camp Anne Bailey the last session of 1931 and see if her ready answer isn't 'yes.'"

"When the cow bell rang for supper, we all trooped to the lodge, only to be confronted by a large note telling us to find a poster near camp, follow directions received there, bring a light, and prepare for a good time.

"After about fifteen minutes of searching we found ourselves at the end of our trail in beautiful Sherwood Forest. At the entrance stood Robin Hood, bowing and smiling, inviting us in. Within the forest, Robin's merry men seated us on the ground and served us with some of the most luscious food we had ever tasted. When this was over everybody took part in some exciting games, which lasted for about an hour. Next, we formed our goodnight circle, and then as the dark came on, we lighted our lights and made our way, singing and gay, back to camp and our tents.

"Did I hear someone say that Robin Hood was merely a myth? Well, most surely that doubter was not present at this unique but picturesque and enjoyable fête in Sherwood Forest."



# Tent and Cabin Time—

*over the country go off to their picturesque camps to enjoy that make up the happy summer days, long to be remembered*

on a table, which was the only available space left in the room. The other councillors had to sit up in an adjoining lean-to. We had a lovely time, though, and it was our red letter camp experience."

## They Got Their Pioneer Badges

A letter from another section of the country tells of another overnight hike. Edith Free of Gorham, Maine writes about the Clover Ridge Girl Scout Camp at Meredith, New Hampshire.

"We arrived at our Pioneer Unit at four o'clock in the afternoon. We were to stay away from camp twenty-four hours. We had our bed rolls all there, and were all set for a good time. We were to get our Pioneer Merit Badge.

"We started supper soon and had quite a time building our fire as it was all wet wood, but we could do it, and we did. We had kabobs, cheese dreams, milk, bread and butter. After we had the dishes washed and the food put away in the cache, we made our beds. It was dark by the time we finished that so we started our campfire and after some story telling we started for bed amid a few sprinkles of rain, but we didn't mind that.

"The next morning we went swimming. After that we had lunch, then cleaned up

camp and had a little rest hour. That afternoon we returned to camp a very happy and contented group."

## Backwards Day Is Lots of Fun

At the Kenosha, Wisconsin Girl camp, at Pottawatomie Hills, one of the gala days of the summer is Backwards Day. Margaret Holden writes to us about it.

"In the morning instead of hearing reveille, taps are blown. It really is a funny feeling, and for a few moments you don't know where you're at. But you soon wake up to the fact that it's Backwards Day and you get into the spirit of it.

"What a funny procession is seen walking to supper! Everything that possibly can be is worn backwards. Middies, bloomers, ties, everything but shoes.

"The whole schedule is taken backwards, with perhaps the exception of rest hour. Campfire in the morning isn't as nice as it is in the evening, but it surely is a novelty. While going to sleep at the sound of reveille you can't help wondering what the girls camping at Juniper Knoll, the Chicago Girl Scout camp across the lake, are thinking as they hear that instead of going to sleep we are getting up."

## A Reward Trip to Camp

Marion Hobby of Newburgh, New York writes about a trip her troop took to Camp Wakoda.

"At our last rally it was announced that all the local honor troops (those receiving seventy-five per cent or over for general Girl Scout advancement during the year) were to have a trip to Camp Wakoda. So one Tuesday afternoon we all met and were taken to camp in cars. The trip was lovely as it took us through the beautiful Hudson Highlands. The camp is situated on Upper Twin Lake in the Palisades Interstate Park.

"On arriving, we were welcomed by the councillors and campers and taken on a tour

of inspection around the camp. Then everyone went in for a swim or out on the lake in a boat.

"At supper time the campers gathered in the mess hall, while the visitors, who had brought their suppers, went up on a large rock overlooking the lake to appease their appetites. We were all treated to ice cream and cake provided by the chairman of our Badge and Awards Committee.

"After supper, singing and games were in order until the campfire was lit and we all gathered around it. After a short program presented by the campers, the chairman of the committee took charge of the ceremonies and presented five of our sister Girl Scouts with their letters of commendation from the National Standards Committee.

"After cheers and congratulations were given and received we all joined in singing taps. Then the visitors piled into their cars for the homeward trip, most of us wishing we could stay at camp."

## Porto Rican Girls Are Good Hikers

All the way from Porto Rico comes an account, written by Mary Winifred Wilcox, a member of Troop One, of a hike her patrol took.

"It was a warm afternoon at Camp Alegre and the Jolly Bunch Patrol was seated lazily on the porch of the assembly hall, when one of the girls came rushing up announcing, 'Tomorrow there's a hike.'

"La Palmita, a lonely palm on a neighboring hill was to be our destination. Second class Girl Scouts were to be the hikers, and we were scheduled to leave at four in the afternoon, each one taking her own lunch.

"The following afternoon was cloudy, but we started anyway. The first catastrophe took place crossing the river near the camp. Most of us stum- (Continued on page 42)



THIS INDIAN GIRL'S LETTER APPEARS BELOW



PLANTING A TREE AND WATCHING IT GROW IS A VERY THRILLING EXPERIENCE AS THESE GIRLS AT ONE OF THE EASTERN CAMPS WILL TESTIFY

TIN CAN COOKERY IS GROWING MORE AND MORE POPULAR EVERY YEAR, AND DETROIT, MICHIGAN GIRL SCOUTS ARE HAVING GREAT SUCCESS AT IT



## THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAGEDY

**DURING** May, three more chapters were written in the story of America's Great Disgrace, the Lindbergh kidnaping. During the previous month the principal event had been the hoaxing of Colonel Lindbergh by gangsters who took fifty thousand dollars from his agent, "Jafsie," but did not return the baby. While the search for these double-crossers was being carried on, and while Lindbergh and Curtis, the Norfolk shipbuilder, cruised mysteriously up and down the Atlantic coast, searching for a rum runner who was supposed to be holding the child in custody, a new angle to the story developed in Washington. It became known that Gaston Means, ex-inmate of the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta and ex-employee of former Attorney General Daugherty, had been arrested on the charge of getting more than \$106,000 from Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, wife of the publisher of the *Washington Post*, on the pretext that he could help her find the Lindbergh baby. This remarkable incident, however, was only a prelude to the heart-breaking climax of the story, which came on Thursday, May twelfth. On that day little Charles Lindbergh was discovered in the woods within sight of his home. He had been murdered, and his body had probably lain hidden in the underbrush ever since the night on which he had been stolen.

The tragic news set federal, state and local police into a fever of activity, now that they were no longer hampered by fears for the baby's safety. Their first accomplishment was to extract a confession from Curtis that the messages he claimed to have received from the kidnapers were a complete hoax. He had led Colonel Lindbergh on the futile chase in the hope of making money by selling the story to the papers.



## DANGER AHEAD: POLITICS AT THE WHEEL

**DURING** May the depression entered a newer and still more alarming phase. Even the most optimistic realized that it was no longer a question of just sitting tight until things got better; something drastic would have to be done to keep them from getting worse. Most authorities were agreed that three things, in particular, were immediately imperative: government expenses must be cut to the bone; income must be raised to equal expenses; provision must be made for feeding millions of unemployed now and next winter. Turning the trend of business upward was also a desperate necessity. The press accused Congress, in this national emergency, of being more concerned with vote chasing than with the welfare of the country. Although Congress had been sitting since December seventh, the last of May found it with the budget still unbalanced, economies and new taxes still undecided upon, and a national relief program still in the air. Then the President took a drastic step. He went personally before Congress, pleading for immediate constructive action. He got it. On June sixth the final version of the much-fought-over sales tax was passed by both houses, and the country drew a deep sigh of relief.



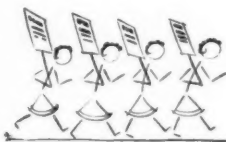
## WHAT WERE WOMEN DOING?

**AMELIA** EARHART PUTNAM was flying the Atlantic alone in her red and gold Lockheed-Vega. On the fifth anniversary of Lindbergh's flight she took off from Harbor Grace, bound for Paris. She landed in a field near Londonderry, Ireland, the first woman to make the Atlantic crossing solo, and the holder of a new

## What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

speed record for such flights—fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes. Her only nourishment during the entire trip was tomato juice!



Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mrs. Gene Tunney, Mrs. Archibald Roosevelt and scores of other women prominent in the social and business worlds were parading, making speeches, and soliciting contributions as part of their work for National Repeal Week. As a result of their efforts and those of thousands of other women, the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform gained a host of new members in forty states. In Illinois alone they added sixty-five thousand to their number.



Mrs. Hargreaves, original "Alice in Wonderland," was being fêted, diplomated and interviewed because she had come to this country, at the invitation of Columbia University, to help us celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lewis Carroll, the beloved apostle of delightful nonsense.

## WHAT WERE MEN DOING?

**CHARLES** COWART, sailor, was swinging on a rope two thousand feet above Camp Kearney, near San Diego, California. While the U. S. S. Akron was trying to land

after a stormy transcontinental passage, the ring on her starboard cable broke. She lurched. The ground crew tried to steady her but a sudden blast made her soar again. All the sailors clinging to her ropes dropped to the ground except three. These three did not let go fast enough, and were borne high into the air. In a few minutes two of them, unable to hold on longer, fell. But Cowart succeeded in hitching the rope around his waist and hung there, a wriggling speck between earth and sky, for two hours, until he could be hauled aboard to safety.

Beniamino Gigli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, was refusing to take the salary cut which all the other artists at the Metropolitan had consented to in order to help the institution survive. He said that to have twenty-three thousand dollars cut from the salary of one hundred thousand dollars which his contract called for next winter would "diminish his dignity as a man and an artist." This statement, and the fact that he had made fun of the singers who had accepted the cut, produced such strained relations in the house of song that Mr. Gigli resigned. It is rumored that he will earn an even larger income singing in concert for a publicity-mad public. It will be interesting to see who takes his place next fall and how, if at all, his severance from the opera house will affect the attendance.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Ambassador Andrew Mellon and other prominent Americans and Englishmen, officiated at the formal opening of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. Americans had contributed about two-thirds of the sum raised for the erection and endowment of this building, which is, in the opinion of many who know, inexpressibly big, heavy, and ugly.



## PERILS OF LEADERSHIP

**HIGH** places were dangerous places, in May, for Japanese and Frenchmen. The assassination of Paul Doumer, President of France, brought the total of murderous attacks on public figures of several countries to fifteen for this year. Before the public had recovered from the shock of his death, Japanese Premier Inukai ("Old Fox") was murdered by a group of young army and navy officers who forced their way into his home. His murder, following that of several other countrymen prominent in business and political life, leaves the future of the Japanese government in extreme uncertainty, with a military dictatorship as a strong possibility.

In the meantime, however, Japan had signed a peace agreement with China on May fifth, and had promised to return her troops practically to the position they had occupied before the Shanghai fighting. The world noted with extreme gratification Japan's statement that she was doing this because of the force of international disapproval of her military operations in Shanghai.

# Hike Ho!

By CAROLYN M. GRAY

*Sketches by the author*



Right, ho!  
Then up we go!  
Then left, ho!  
A-way we go!

WE WERE feeling just that gay, for we were off on our first real hike. It was to be a thrilling adventure. We were going to explore the countryside. At the first crossroads we turned right, at the second we turned left, at the third right, and so on. This plan took us off the highways onto the byways and country lanes to beautiful and interesting places. It led us to a wooded glen beside a gurgling brook where we stopped for lunch and to rest.

We traveled light, for we chose to enjoy the countryside as we hiked along. Our clothes were light in weight, as warm as necessary and comfortable. We had been careful to wear hose free from holes or darns and shoes with broad, low heels and stout soles. The next thing of importance was our food. Not an abundance, and neither was it weighty, but wholesome and filling.

From the following suggestions which our leader gave us, each person had chosen the combination that pleased her most:

## Fruit Combinations

- I. Orange, grapes, dried figs, dates, nuts, Vita wheat, cottage cheese.
- II. Apple, grapes, dried prunes, raisins, nuts, rye bread, cheese.
- III. Pear, cherries, dried apricots, dates, nuts, rye crisp, cheese.
- IV. Peach, berries, dried figs, dates, nuts, crackers, cheese.
- V. Banana, plums, dried figs, raisins, nuts, Triscuit, cheese.

## Raw Vegetable Combinations

- I. Tomato, cauliflower, ripe olives, egg (hard-boiled), rye crisp, peanut butter, honey.
- II. Cucumber, carrots, celery, olives, sardines, rye bread, peanut butter, jam.

III. Tomato, cabbage, celery, pickles, egg (hard-boiled), Triscuit, peanut butter, marmalade.

IV. Cucumber, cauliflower, lettuce, ripe olives, tuna fish, rye bread, peanut butter, jam.

V. Tomato, carrots, spinach, green olives, egg (hard-boiled), Vita wheat, peanut butter, jam.

Some brought mayonnaise and French dressing in small jars and bottles to eat with their vegetable combinations.

These little tidbits were wrapped in waxed paper, placed in paper bags and then in gay bandana handkerchiefs. Each person fastened her bandana securely to the end of a stout stick and swung it over her shoulder, for "a bundle and stick was all we needed to carry along."

On the homeward journey we appeared just as gay and light-hearted as when we started out, for our bandanas had been converted into neckerchiefs and headdresses.

Our next trip took us to a spot chosen for its beauty and a view. Again we used our bandanas, but in them we packed a different type of meal. We wanted to try our skill at fire building and cooking. Our leader again suggested a variety of good things to eat.

One member of our patrol made a paste of grated American cheese, Worcestershire sauce and paprika, and packed it in a small carton. After toasting some bread to a delicate brown, she spread the cheese mixture on the toast and set it before the fire to brown.

Another brought some grated cheese and bacon. She spread the cheese on slices of toast, laid a strip of bacon on top of each slice and broiled them before the fire until the bacon was crisp and the cheese melted.

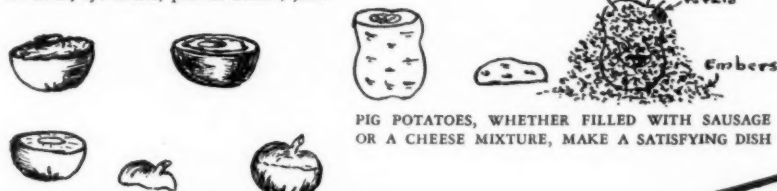
Apple sauce spread on slices of buttered toast with crisp bacon on top was the choice of another member of our hiking party.

Several of us mixed warm honey and creamed butter together in the proportion of two parts honey and one part butter and added a generous sprinkling of cinnamon. This we packed into jars or cartons. It was delicious spread on slices of toast.

Some made banana toast which also looked delicious. To prepare this they peeled and scraped their bananas, spread them on toast, dotted with butter and sprinkled with brown sugar and broiled before the fire for a few minutes.

Those who made apricot marshmallow toast seemed to think they picked the best recipe of all. In a carton they had packed stewed dried apricots, which had been cooked to a thick consistency. They spread this on slices of toast, placed a marshmallow or two on top and set it before the fire until the marshmallows were slightly brown.

In order to make toast and to broil bacon we needed a good bed of glowing embers. As soon as we reached our destination we set to work to build a crisscross fire because it would give us coals quicker than any other type of fire. To build this fire we placed six or eight pieces of wood on the ground about an inch or so apart with the ends pointing north and south. On the top of these we placed another layer with the ends pointing east and west, and continued crisscrossing the sticks until the pile was a foot or more in height. About six inches from the ground we placed the tinder and kindling and then went on building. By having the fire entirely laid before lighting, it took no time at all for it to burn down to coals. Of course, we used hard woods that would give us lasting coals in place of just ashes that would soon lose their heat. We had an abundance of apple wood, hickory and oak to choose from. Other hard woods that will give lasting (Continued on page 38)



ABOVE AT THE LEFT IS SWEET POTATO SOUFFLÉ; NEXT TO IT IS AN EGG BAKED IN AN ORANGE SHELL, WHILE UNDER THEM, YOU SEE THE THREE MAIN STEPS IN PREPARING PIG APPLES



EGGS THAT ARE BAKED IN ONION SHELLS ARE MOST DELICIOUS WITH SLICED BACON



YOU CAN CARRY A BUNDLE ON THIS TOASTING STICK



ABOVE IS ONE OF MANY WAYS TO TOAST A PIECE OF BREAD

AT THE EXTREME LOWER LEFT OF THIS PAGE IS A TOASTER THAT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE HELD, AND DIRECTLY ABOVE AND TO THE LEFT ARE TWO OTHER TOASTING FORKS



## Luck of the Dunes

(Continued from page 18)

her, before making his presence known.

"Where in the world did you come from?" she asked him, in the way one talks to dogs, asking them questions that one has to answer for them. "Do you belong around here, you cunning thing?" There were no houses in sight. "Or have you *run away*?" and she leaned forward and shook her finger at him.

At that he gave himself a little heave and sat up on his haunches, his head slightly to one side, one ear up and the other down, his broad little paws dangling limply in front of his white chest. "You *have* run away," Alida said severely, "and you're just trying to ingratiate yourself with me, so I won't tell on you. Not," she added to herself, "that I would know whom to tell." The little dog continued to sit, regarding her with a whiskery smile.

"Oh," she cried then, seeing him with new eyes, "*blijf even zitten!*" It amused her to think that she could at least talk to dogs in Dutch. This one seemed to understand her. He sat quite motionless, tongue hanging, ears cocked. And Alida, snatching a fresh sheet of paper, began to draw him with swift, sure strokes. In a surprisingly short time he was all there—shaggy hair, quizzical expression, fuzzy paws. But he needed just a touch—what was it?—something as humorous as he was. She gazed at him a moment, and he gazed back at her. Ah, she had it! With a soft pencil she sketched in a wreath of tulips dangling from his neck and over his paws and down his chest. It was just right. And underneath she wrote, "Decorated."

She reached out to bestow a rewarding pat on her model's head when the little dog slipped from under her hand and tore off down the beach in pursuit of a wide-brimmed black felt hat that had, miraculously, made its appearance and was careening crazily before the wind. Alida was afraid he would seize it and tear it to pieces. There was no one in sight, but whoever it belonged to would surely thank her for rescuing it from a little dog's teeth. She laid her things hastily to one side and ran after him. A sudden gust of wind caused the hat to veer to one side, and Alida, with a mad sprint, managed to catch it up. The little dog leaped on her dress, trying to reach the hat in a frenzy of longing.

"Ah, there you are, you young wretch!" a deep, masculine—and not too friendly—voice called out, and Alida, clutching the hat to her bosom, looked up to see, peering over the edge of the dune, a tall, white-haired man, shaking his cane in his upraised hand. He had on an old-fashioned cape and a wide black tie, both of which flapped in the wind.

Alida stood rooted to the spot. How dared he! Calling her a wretch, when she was simply trying to save his old hat! She opened her mouth to make retort, feeling that her Dutch was hopelessly inadequate, when she saw that the little dog had abandoned her and was racing toward the man with joyous yips and tail waggings. The man leaned down and patted him, and then with surprising agility, he was down the steep side of the dune and approaching her with a courtly bow, addressed her politely.

"I beg your pardon, *meijuffrouw*," he said, and she saw that his eyes were kindly and his mouth smiling. "What must you think of me? I was addressing my young scamp of a dog. And at the same moment that I find him, I find also that you have saved my hat."

"Oh," said Alida, somewhat foolishly, "is it your dog—and your hat?"

He bowed again. "Neither one very good, but valuable to me," he said. "This miserable wind! I was out walking with Geluk—that's the dog's name—when he spied a rabbit and left me completely. And then the breeze made off with my hat and I've been chasing it till I'm out of breath." His eyes strayed down the beach, saw her cushion and paraphernalia. "I have interrupted you, *meijuffrouw*?"

But Alida had no time to answer. Another gust of wind—which she had learned to expect in Holland, but was never prepared for—had playfully whipped up her papers and was sending them down the sand in a swirling mass. She leaped after them, but ahead of her ran the elderly gentleman.

"It is my turn to do you a service," he said gallantly, if somewhat breathlessly, presenting her with the papers he had rescued.

But in the act of handing them to her, he paused. "Did you do these, *meijuffrouw*?" he asked, on an incredulous note, shuffling through her sketches, the old ones that she had put in the back of the pad—the bent old women, the dour-faced man with his dog-drawn cart, the fish hawk.

In embarrassment she tried to take them from him, but he held on. She could hardly snatch them from him, and was forced to stand there helplessly. At last he looked up. "I am an artist. I am Adriaan Maartens," he said.

It was Alida's turn to be surprised. "Not the Mr. Maartens?" she said in such an awed voice that he laughed a big, hearty laugh. Why, Adriaan Maartens was perhaps the best known painter in Holland—a by-

word in Europe and America. How often she had stood, in envious admiration, before a Maartens, sparkling with life, with color, with a certain indefinable quality that stayed in your mind long after other pictures had faded. What must he think of these feeble attempts of hers, these groping trials to catch the humorous in life?

"You are not Dutch, *meijuffrouw*?" he asked now in English, regarding her curiously.

She told him her name, and that she was staying with her aunt and uncle in Haarlem.

"The van de Waters?" he said. "And do they know they have a real artist in their midst? Do they? No, I will wager not." She thought he was teasing her, and she clasped her hands together in distress. He went on, "You have not had instruction, have you?" his keen eyes meeting hers.

Was it that apparent, she wondered? She explained that she wanted desperately to go to art school, but that now—He interrupted her, waving his arms excitedly. "Good heavens, no! Never an art school! What you have is a priceless gift—the gift of humor. They would ruin it for you. Go to art school for this sort of thing, yes," and he held out her afternoon's sketch of the seascape. "But this is like a thousand others. Leave it to others. This—" and he gazed admiringly at the gay little drawing of his dog, "is yourself. This is worth developing. You must be taught, but guided; not turned out in a mold. How long are you staying in Holland?" he inquired abruptly.

Things were moving so swiftly that Alida said, in something of a daze, "Oh, perhaps all summer. When Mother comes back, we will take a cottage by the sea—"

"It could not be better!" he fairly shouted at her. "I, Adriaan Maartens will teach you. You shall be my protégée. All the young artists, they come to me saying, 'Teach me, teach me.' But they are all alike. You are different. You I could help. I shall teach you in English and scold you in Dutch, *niet*?" Suddenly he paused, struck by a thought. "But would you like that, *meijuffrouw*?"

To be taught by Adriaan Maartens! She did not know how to answer him. It could not be true! "Very well, then," he laughed, seeing her expression, "it is settled. Come, my pupil, we will go to the house—I have a little villa about a mile back, on the edge of the dunes. We will ask my wife to give us a cup of tea, and then we will talk."

He helped Alida gather up her belongings, and he himself pushed her bicycle along the strand. "Geluk!" he called the little dog, scampering before them. "You are a bad dog, and you are a good dog. If it had not been for your wretched behavior, I should never have found one who is to be a fine artist one of these days!"

"Geluk," Alida said. "That means 'luck.'"

"So it does."

"Luck," she repeated. The wind had died down and the sun, coming from behind a cloud bank, laid a golden light on the sea. A light that seemed to stretch in a shining path to the end of the summer—and perhaps, even a little beyond. "Luck of the dunes."



## How about Architecture?

(Continued from page 11)

a woman driver," laughed Miss Van Pelt. "If a woman has an accident with her car on the highway people say, 'Isn't that just like a woman!' If a man was at the wheel, they merely say he was a poor driver. Similarly, if something goes wrong with a house a woman has designed, they say it's because she was a woman. If the architect was a man they say it shows poor construction."

But gradually this prejudice is passing. Of recent years a decided change has taken place in the attitude toward women architects. More and more architectural firms are accepting women in their drafting rooms, recognizing that it is a matter of individual ability, rather than sex. More and more architectural schools are being thrown open to women students. It was the late Fay Kellogg who made it possible a few years ago for women to study at the Beaux Arts in Paris, the ambition of every architect.

Miss Margaret Van Pelt's dream is to help make the buildings of New York City better co-related in architecture. She has no favorite style but whatever style is adopted must be good and appropriate in design. Glass, she believes, will be a favorite medium among the buildings of the near future. Soon people who live in glass houses will be no more exceptional than those who live in houses of brick and stone. Of course, they must be strong enough so that others may throw stones at them without serious damage. The tendency toward geometric design is even more marked in buildings of this nature than in skyscrapers.

"I don't believe there is any such thing as a woman's viewpoint in architecture," says Miss Van Pelt, "any more than there is a woman's viewpoint in pictures or music, or even good roads. Art and design and excellence are never matters of sex. The time is fast coming when women architects will be no more unusual than men."

## How to Do Your Hair

(Continued from page 19)

When hats or berets are worn on one side it's the left side that is usually exposed more, so it looks better to part the hair on the right, and show the smooth left side of the head. But the important thing really is to part the hair to the advantage of each individual head. No two sides of any face are the same and in many cases the hair grows differently on each side, too. So study and experiment till you can make up your mind whether it's to be left or right.

An artificial wave is unsuitable for younger girls, but when they're older it's sometimes advisable. If the hair is thin or lank, or if the face needs softening, a bit of wave helps a great deal. Do not make the mistake, however, of wearing too definite a wave. The most becoming kind is a wide, flat wave which does not start too close to the scalp. It is generally true that blonde hair looks better waved than does dark hair. If the hair is smooth and heavy, many times it looks better straight. Never make the mistake of waving your hair if you have the distinguished type of face and the perfectly shaped head that demand severity in hairdressing.

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## "Alice in Pantherland"

(Continued from page 14)

or the management stop us?" she asked.

"Well, perhaps they will," admitted Scatter reluctantly. "But if we appear and disappear suddenly enough they will have a hard time to catch us. And anyhow I don't think that they will try very hard. They are good sports and they will know that we are playing a joke on Marge and the Voices. They'll probably laugh and let us alone. This dress rehearsal isn't important, you know."

At this point our meeting was disbanded on account of church call being blown, but we spent a hilarious afternoon and evening devising new and better ways of Pantherizing Alice and showing the Voices that Lost Voices die hard.

Well, all went very well and Wednesday morning dawned fair and clear for all Panthers but me, and when I tried to speak I found I couldn't. Not above a whisper, anyhow.

"Comes of not wearing a sweater when you went out giggling in that canoe with Scatter last night. I warned you, Frosty," remarked the doctor callously. "You deserve to be shut up in the infirmary for the day."

But she didn't shut me up, thank goodness. I was allowed to roam at large where I received very little sympathy.

"You're nothing but a dim-wit," mourned Scatter. "You were the mainstay of our show tonight, and now look at you! You can't even swap places with me for you can't prompt either. Leave me alone, I have work to do."

Scatter went into immediate and violent action reorganizing her demoralized forces, and I felt very forlorn and out of the picture.

When evening came I wandered disconsolately to the camp house for the dress rehearsal, aware that I would be the only camper among the audience of councillors and management. When I arrived I found the curtains already drawn across the stage and the sign *Alice in Wonderland* flamboyantly displayed. The Powers that Be looked rather surprised at seeing no one but me as audience, but I shook my head and signaled to them in dumb show that I didn't know where the others were, which I honestly didn't—except for Scatter and Koko. The management knew where they were just as well as I did.

Well, all was ready to start, the players settling down from their last minute rushing about, and Koko playing the prelude, and the audience, such as there was of it, in their seats.

Suddenly there was an abrupt interruption. With out ceremony the door at the back of the camp house opened and on the threshold stood disclosed an imposing group of strange women.

Mother Panther gave a

startled exclamation such as people do on the stage only you don't exactly expect them to in real life, and she tore the length of the great room to greet the intruders with the maximum of pomp and circumstance. And from that awful moment all was a dazed and horrible delirium to me. For, to the everlasting peril of all poor benighted Lost Voices, the visitors were none other than the important British students of the American 'teen age camper arrived a night too soon and utterly unconscious of the fact that they had mixed their dates. Mother Panther didn't enlighten them as to that fact either, but introduced them all around, including me, and then sat us down to watch the play.

I was parked between two of the lesser celebrities where there wasn't a chance in a thousand for me to make an escape and warn Scatter of impending tragedy. Yet warn her I must! For I knew that cooped up in the prompter's box behind those muffling curtains she would have caught no echo of the unexpected arrival. Neither would Koko, for she and the piano were also out of sight behind a row of screens on the other side of the room. And, of course, the rest of the Lost Voices were all too cunningly hidden to know anything about it either.

The real actors knew. Mother Panther had seen to that. But they were on the opposite side of the stage from Scatter and, what with the somewhat strained feelings that still existed between them and her, they probably wouldn't bother to communicate with her. And if they tried to tell her once her program was under way, she never in this world would believe them.

But she must be notified at all costs, come what might. But how?

I tentatively attempted to raise my voice in a warning shout but it didn't raise. Only a tiny squeak came forth which drew such wondering looks from the visitors that I shrank back abashed.

The lights in the room went out leaving the sign *Alice in Wonderland* illuminated by the footlights. But even as we looked at it, there was a click and a second sign fell into place above it.

*Alice in Pantherland.*

I groaned inwardly. Scatter was already at work. What could I do? And all the while Koko played serenely at the piano.

I looked at Mother Panther desperately. She was staring at the sign in bewildered amazement which didn't relieve my feelings any. And I could hear her telling the Head Visitor at the same time, "Oh, yes, yes, this

is all the work of our girls. Just a little help from the singing councillor in the beginning, you know. All the rest is their own effort."

As a last resort in this horrible emergency I took to Morse code with my feet, stamping on





the ground hard enough to be heard above the sound of the piano. But I didn't get far.

"Dot, dot, dot; dash, dot, dash, dot; dot dash; dash—S C A T . . ." The right hand visitor bent over me solicitously.

"Are your feet cold, my child?" she inquired tenderly. And Cappy, also penned in by visitors, frowned at me reprovingly from her seat.

At the same instant the curtain rose showing Libby Crocker as Alice with her long, light hair flowing over her shoulders.

The visitors drew a breath of admiration. "Charming! Lovely! Such an attractive setting!"

Libby started to sing the piece that is her opening speech and Koko accompanied her beautifully. Nothing seemed wrong. Perhaps the worst wouldn't happen after all.

I clenched my hands in an agony of dread and apprehension. Had the Lost Voices, concealed outside in the night, learned of the arrival? Would the White Rabbit or the Log Writer with her subtle challenge to the Voices appear next?

My breath came short and scant. I peered about me nervously, fidgeting and unhappy, and once again Cappy scowled at me and I faced front again.

Alice neared the end of her song. At last she came to it.

" . . . and I am so very tired of being all alone down here."

Scatter's voice chimed in on the last words, emphasizing the cue. Offstage there was a patter of feet and the shimmer of the White Rabbit's costume. I drew a deep breath. All was well. The Lost Voices had withdrawn.

But I rejoiced too soon. Even as the White Rabbit appeared there was a rush and a scurry on the porch. The door at the back of the room slammed and Dizzy came galloping down the aisle and leaped upon the stage.

Mother Panther rose from her seat and the all-powerful Cappy, also the doctor, started to reinforce her. But each and every one of them was hemmed in by a more or less portly and dowagerly visitor, all of whom were gazing at Dizzy with rapt attention. Off stage the White Rabbit hesitated between fear of missing her cue and dread of the august guests. Terror of the unknown conquered and she vanished.

Meantime Dizzy, pressed into service at the last minute, was having the time of her life. Clad sketchily in pajamas, with her hair trailing in her face, she was giving a thorough and realistic demonstration of a sleepy Panther hunting for a dry bathing suit before early morning jerks.

"Oh, the doctor! Oh, the doctor! Oh, won't she be savage if I'm late to jerks. She'll put me in the infirmary. Oh, my dear carrots and spinach! She'll put me to bed early, as sure as oatmeal is fattening."

Dizzy's voice cracked in the anguish of her desperate search. She rushed madly about the stage, and paused to demonstrate a few violent jerks to Alice who was bewildered.

"Go find me a dry bathing suit and a cap," she commanded. "Quick, now." Which, of course, was the cue for Alice's next speech and Dizzy dove through the window at the back of the stage amid loud applause from our guests and silence from everyone else.

"A combination of Alice and your camp activities, eh?" (Continued on page 36)

## A Lesson in Life Saving



"Let us show you one of the best ways to carry a man who needs help. You can learn how on the pier or the beach and then practice in the water. You'll find this and other 'carries' in the Metropolitan's booklet 'Swimming and Life Saving.'"

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OUT beyond the paddlers and bathers who cannot swim a stroke, you will find the strong swimmers who get the most joy out of clean, sparkling water. But swimming is more than a keen pleasure. It offers more opportunity for wholesome exercise for more people than any other sport.

Almost everybody who has correct instruction can learn to swim. When you swim you exercise practically every muscle in your body. You take deep breaths, expand your lungs and send your blood tingling from head to foot. And afterward, when resting in the warm, golden sunshine you soak up health-giving rays from the sun.

You may regard yourself as a fairly good swimmer because so far you have been able to take care of yourself. But if you have not learned to swim correctly you may be unjustified in your confidence. It is not difficult to correct swimming faults or to learn the proper arm and leg action and the breath control

necessary in good swimming. Foolhardiness and panic cause more drownings along the seashore and in lakes, rivers and ponds than exhaustion or cramps.

You may be perfectly willing to risk your own life to save that of another. But if you do not know how to go about it there is great danger that both lives will be lost. To save a life requires real skill. Prove whether or not you are competent by carrying ashore a friend who is not helping himself. If you find that you cannot do it, learn the proper life saving methods so that, if ever needed, you will be ready.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in cooperation with the American Red Cross Life Saving Service, has prepared a booklet which will help you to learn to swim, if you cannot swim now. It shows the American Crawl used by champion swimmers and the proper Side Stroke to use in life saving. Send for your free copy of "Swimming and Life Saving." Address Booklet Dept. 732-X.



**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

## "Alice in Pantherland"

(Continued from page 35)

remarked the head dowager to Mother Panther. "A very clever idea. It really is."

And poor Mother Panther had to nod affably. What else could she have done without confessing that the situation was entirely out of hand, which is an impossible confession to make when one is a camp director being scrutinized for discipline and order?

Well, the play went on and from Scatter's point of view it was a gorgeous success. But from the actors' the strain must have been intense. They never knew at what instant some Lost Voice would appear in their ranks, take a side-splitting, Pantherfied rôle in the play and then disappear as suddenly and mystifyingly as she had come, leaving them with cues intact, which fact Scatter could be heard to relish in her place of retirement behind the stage.

Every major part of camp activities was worked into the drama and as the grand finale approached with its trial scene and the drill of the playing cards, I began to be all agog over what would happen therein. And I will have to admit that Scatter used her cohorts to fine advantage in that scene. Dressed as tennis, hiking, swimming, and other sports and pastimes, they stepped lightly and airily through the maze of Wonderland characters, and in the final tableau they grouped themselves with the others, smiling as sweetly as if they really belonged there, too. And as they stood there, Scatter committed her final act of audacity. Scrambling majestically forth from the prompter's nook she stepped in front of the group and took

command of the situation. Her red hair was rumpled every which way, but other than that she was properly and fittingly clad in true Panther fashion, dark blue bloomers and white middie with dark blue tie.

At a signal from Scatter, Koko produced some rolling chords from the piano and immediately the Lost Voices burst into that robust classic, *McNamara's Band*, and under the eyes of visiting officials the Voices needs must sing it, too. And from there Scatter and Koko led them through a repertory of folk and Panther songs ending with a splendid and crashing rendition of the camp song with all standing.

At that point the curtains closed, and immediately, judging by the appalling sounds that drifted from behind them, battle was joined between the Voices and the Lost Voices.

But Koko, with great and praiseworthy presence of mind, began to play *Now the Day Is Over*, the curtains parted again, and we had our evening song in an atmosphere so tense it honestly could be cut in slices with a knife.

The minute that it was possible to do so, the Lost Voices led by Scatter broke loose and stampeded in the direction of Shack Two with the entire cast of *Alice* in full cry behind them.

I was detained by the doctor, who felt she must spray my throat for me, and when I finally arrived at the shack I found a scene resembling that of a besieged city.

The Lost Voices, bent but not broken, had taken refuge on the rafters and most of them had had time to arm themselves with

large pitchers of water on their way up.

Beneath them the Voices bayed for vengeance and it looked as if a splendid, good, old-fashioned rough-house was about to be enjoyed by all.

The Lost Voices had the strategic position, but in spite of that I could tell by the expression of Scatter's feet that she was feeling slightly abashed.

"Keep away from me, Marge Woodward," she warned our furious roommate, "if you don't want to be drowned. I tell you I never knew those people were there. It was just a joke on your old dress rehearsal."

With soul-shocking shrillness Cappy's whistle cut through the turmoil. Silence was immediate.

"Two minutes to tattoo!" Cappy's voice was hard, unyielding. "Everyone not in bed by then report to the council in the morning. But, Scatter, you are to go to the camp house now, immediately."

Scatter flattened herself out on the beam and clung close to it, a haven of refuge in a troubled world.

"Oh, Cappy," she pleaded piteously, "I didn't know those people were there, honestly! Be merciful. Don't punish me until tomorrow. Anyhow," she added hopefully, "you haven't time to sentence me before tattoo and I don't want to be reported for being out of bed, too."

Cappy laughed grimly.

"Don't worry," she said. "The visitors are so keen about the play they want to meet the author, and Mother Panther told them that she would send for you and that you can sit up just as long as you like."

(Continued from page 9)

you, of course, and I don't see why you shouldn't hear about it. The house was supposed to be haunted, my dear! Isn't that exciting?"

"Honestly! How marvelous!" Kit cried eagerly. "Is it—really?"

"I'm afraid not," Judy admitted. "I was crazy to go and sleep in it myself, and that made Father so wild that he had it all cleaned up—it was a perfect pig pen, my dear, great heaps of plaster dropped everywhere, and the floors all rotted away, so that Manny's wife sneaked in and carried them off for her stove—and he put our William there to live. William got a big bulldog and a gun, and they laid new floors, and William said he invited the ghosts to come any hour of the day or night they liked—but they didn't!"

Kit sighed regretfully.

"I think a haunted house would be swell!" she said. "What were the ghosts supposed to do—when they did come?"

"Oh, they rattled in the plaster and made funny knocks—the way they do, you know—and doors were found open and things were turned upside down, and one family that took it said that if they came back at night they saw lights, sometimes in the attic and sometimes in the cellar! A man kept chickens there once, and he said they all died mysteriously. William always says that Manny's wife's hens stole all their food, so it's no wonder they died. They all starved!

## Girl Wanted!



"Mother thought Manny's son—his name's John Lopez—might just as well have it, because nobody else wanted it, but Grandpa never would let him. He said ghosts wouldn't ruin a place as quickly as Manny would. He keeps his pig in the kitchen in winter, William says, although it's hard to believe."

"Heavens!" Kit grimaced disgustedly.

"That's really true," Judy assured her, "because once they actually sneaked their pig into your cellar, and nobody knew about it for weeks, till somebody saw Manny carrying water in there and wrote Grandpa. He scared Manny within an inch of his life, he said, and had the cellar cleaned and a new stone floor put in—the old one was all holes where the pig had rooted!"

It was impossible to keep these lurid stories from Ellen, who instantly decided on a watchdog for themselves and regarded Manny's establishment with considerably less favor.

"But everyone knows we've got nothing valuable, dearie," she said, "and a good dog's the best medicine for tramps and busybodies and mischievous children."

"Not that Manny's Liza will be any too pleased," she added. "I've seen her too near the woodpile too often."

But here she was mistaken, it seemed, for Manny himself limped to the kitchen door, leading a good-looking collie by a bit of old rope. Would the ladies have any use for him? He'd heard they were on the lookout for a good watchdog, and this was one that somebody had given his son, who had no use for one, but thought maybe the ladies might. It had cost him nothing, and there was no charge—the dog was too good not to have a good home.

"That's the first time John Lopez ever gave anything away," said Mr. Peterson. "It's surprising! And he hates me like poison, too. I found out that one of the offers for the place came from a friend of his, and refused it just for that. Perhaps he hopes the dog will bite me some day!"

But Major bit nobody but an old half-bred pointer of Manny's Liza, which came too near the house, and Ellen admitted that this gave her a great deal of comfort.

"He knows his business, that dog," she

said, "He's no fonder of shanty trash than I am and I certainly don't like it a bit!"

August brought a bad blow to them. The high school scholarship had been awarded for three years to come, Mr. Peterson learned, and that would mean a whole year of waiting, unless another scholarship could be found. There was hope of this, of course, but no certainty, and Kit couldn't help feeling discouraged. On top of that, her little investments and Ellen's began to shrink in value, with the hard times, and the hospital board was obliged to lower salaries all along the line to keep going. A winter of mornings full of school work and afternoons full of housework began to fret her, in prospect, and even Ellen's good spirits lagged under heavier work than she had done for years.

"I've just got to make up my mind to it," Kit announced to Judy, after a busy day of canning peaches. "I'm going to look for something to do. Part-time work. If I could get something for the afternoons, maybe we could get along with a good clean-up once a week and I could save something for college."

"Would you hire Liza?" Judy asked.

"I would not. I hate Liza. I can't see why Ellen stands her. Why, she won't have her in the house alone, and she's glad Major doesn't like her! Manny says he's afraid of him, too—he says that's why John Lopez wanted to get rid of him—he's so fierce."

"Father says he is," Judy answered. "I saw him once when he was arguing with Grandpa to let him have your house. He's sort of smooth and oily and smart, but Grandpa says he can turn pretty nasty. He keeps out of Manny's and Liza's way, though, and that's a good thing. Grandpa says he wouldn't put it past him to set fire to the house some day just for spite, but he knows he couldn't try that, with Manny and Liza there."

Kit listened vaguely, her mind on her new plan.

"Do you suppose I could get a job?" she demanded. "I don't care if Ellen *does* make a row about it—I'm sixteen!"

But Ellen made no row at all. When Kit rushed to the hospital with the wonderful advertisement in her hand, the nurse nodded.

"You might try for it, dearie," she said. "There's no harm in beginning. We don't want to be dependent on anybody, do we, and who knows what might happen? If there's no way to get to the college—and Mr. Peterson says many a young woman with a good high school education does full as well as the college young ladies, in his opinion—you can't start too early."

Kit disagreed with Mr. Peterson on the college question, but she held her tongue, and kept her ambitions and plans to herself, and rode the long mile into the town on the discarded bicycle Judy had given her, the advertisement in her handbag. It read:

**GIRL WANTED!** Young girl, sixteen to eighteen preferred, for addressing circulars, telephone attendance, etc. Two to six, week days. No experience necessary. Good appearance, pleasant manners and school and family references required. Permanent job with good pay. Call between ten and twelve any day at Eagle Building, Room twenty-two.

Does Kit get her job? You will find that out next month—and also more about the mystery that surrounds the old house. Don't miss the August instalment!

## A SILVERY PATH OF SAFETY



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(Continued from page 31)

coals instead of ashes are locust, birch, beech, maple, walnut, pecan, hornbeam or ironwood, eucalyptus, mesquite and ash, among others.

When it came time to make our toast, some of us used the sticks on which we carried our bandannas, and made them into toasters. By splitting one end and inserting a wedge we were able to toast one piece of bread at a time on each stick. Some of the girls had carved and painted their sticks for permanent use so they set about to make toasters and made the various kinds that are shown at the bottom of page thirty-one. We soon discovered that it wasn't necessary to make these of green wood. A dead—but not rotten—stick served very nicely for a turn over the coals.

In addition to the toast combinations some of us brought apple cheese sandwiches. We sliced the apple crosswise—but did not peel it—into about four slices. Then we rubbed the slices with lemon juice to keep them from discoloring. Between the slices we spread a filling of cream cheese and

chopped nuts. Cream cheese and chopped olives or cream cheese and chopped red and green pimientos may also be used. The slices were then put together to form the whole apple and wrapped in waxed paper. This served as a salad or a dessert, and was very good.

Others spread cream cheese and chopped nuts between slices of pineapple. Slices of fresh pineapple (not peeled) with powdered sugar between the slices were quite refreshing.

On our next trip to the open we tried a variety of things that we could cook without the use of utensils.

### Pig Potatoes

For pig potatoes we sliced an end off the potato, white or sweet, and removed just enough of the potato to make room for the sausage. We replaced the end and fastened it on with green twigs. Our fire had been burning for at least thirty minutes and we had a good bed of coals. These we scraped aside and laid the potato in the hot sand or earth, covered it with hot soil and piled coals on top. Some wrapped their potatoes in wet leaves and others in mud. Those wrapped in mud were placed in direct contact with the coals. We allowed between forty-five and sixty minutes for the baking. Some were done perfectly at the end of thirty minutes, due to a good bed of coals and steady heat.

Bacon, cheese or raw egg may be used in place of the sausage. Some like the egg and cheese mixed. If the egg is used it is well to keep the potato upright in the coals, or seal it carefully with clay before putting it into the fire. Brown sugar, raisins, and marshmallows may be used in the sweet potatoes in place of the sausage.

### Pig Apples

Pig apples were prepared the same as the potatoes. After the end had been sliced off,

the core was removed without having a hole all the way through the apple. Some were stuffed with sausages, some with raisins and brown sugar and some with marshmallows.

### Pig Onions

These were prepared the same as the potatoes—by removing enough of the onion to make room for the sausage. The onions were not peeled until they were thoroughly cooked.

### Eggs Baked in Onion Shells

First of all, we sliced off the top of the onion, then removed enough of the center to make room for an egg. After seasoning we set it in the coals to bake. The shell may first be lined with a strip of bacon or a piece of bacon may be placed across the top.

### Sweet Potato Soufflé

For this we combined mashed sweet potatoes with egg, and seasonings. We then filled the apple shells with this mixture and placed a marshmallow on top and set them in the coals to bake.

### Mock Angel Food Cake

The prize recipe of all was mock angel food cake. Someone had brought a loaf of day-old white bread, a can of condensed milk and a box of dry shredded cocoanut. The bread was cut into strips about three-fourths of an inch wide by two inches long. These we spread on all sides with condensed milk. When they were well covered we rolled them in the cocoanut, pierced them with a stick and toasted them over the coals. They were so simple to do and so good to eat, I'm sure we shall have to have them on all future hikes.

For a beverage we usually plan to have one of the malt and cocoa drinks. They are so easily prepared and are good either hot or cold.

## A Water Circus Is Fun!

(Continued from page 25)

the movement away from the direction in which you wish to travel. The relaxed movement is returning the hands to position. If this stunt is used in a race, the swimmers will swim to a certain point, perform four revolutions of *Baby in a Bath Tub*, then continue the race.

### Butterfly Swim

In an upright position, the body is kept very high, by executing strenuous kicks, as in treading water, or with a side stroke kick. The arms are extended sideways and flutter upon the surface of the water as the head is turned sideways. An attitude similar to that of a toe dancer is assumed by the swimmer.

### Crab Swimming

Position on stomach. Swim as if executing a breast stroke. Only the arm movement is reversed. Arms extend to the sides and

pull hard into the center, completing a circle. The feet execute the frog kick movement, but without power. This stroke is illustrated in the right hand figure below.

This stroke may be executed to the sides as well, by pulling hard with the arm nearest the direction you wish to travel. For example, if you want to move to the right, pull with the right arm. The legs and left arm go through the motions of the stroke, but do not put any power to the movement.

### Riding a Bicycle

Position on side with hands close to body. Body rotates in circle. This is accomplished by executing bicycle movements with the legs. The effort is put to the pull on the water as the

knee and foot complete the pull. The relaxed movement is returning the knee to the chest. Air should be blown out through the nose while the head is in the water.

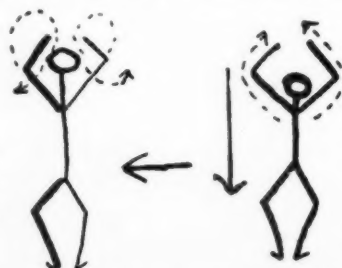
Here are some games that are fun:

### Follow the Leader

A leader is chosen and everyone playing must do as the leader does under penalty of a ducking if she fails.

### Burning! Burn!

Join hands in a circle, either in shallow water where you stand or in deep water, treading water. A ring buoy or some stationary object is in the center. The swimmers pull each (Continued on page 44)



AT THE LEFT, CRABBING (SIDEWAYS) AND AT THE RIGHT, BACKWARDS

## Picnic Days Are Here

(Continued from page 15)

beads makes fine covers as does net with bright colored threads run in along the edges to harmonize with the colors in the lunch cloth and weighted in the corners with large wooden beads. To go with the first plaid tablecloth described, a net square of cream color was decorated around the edge with threads of green, orange and yellow run in along a double hem, and orange beads were fastened on with yellow thread. These covers can be made in assorted sizes to fit anything from the smallest glass to the very largest pitcher.

If you want to make a clever bag to match the color scheme instead of using the paper one with which you made your purchases, plan one of yellow oilcloth lined with orange oilcloth and bound all around with bright green bias tape. If you sew this tape on by machine, it will be especially strong. I suggest an oblong bag about sixteen inches long and thirteen inches wide with the two lower corners cut off at an angle as shown in the illustration at the bottom of page fifteen. Bind the tops of both sides of the bag, then lay the two sides together and bind them all around the edges. The wider your binding tape, the easier it will be to make a good job of it. Make handles of inch wide strips of the oilcloth bound with tape, then cut from orange and vermilion and green oilcloth fruit shapes and shiny leaves, and glue them on to the bag in an interesting group. The glue will hold better if you carefully scrape off some of the glaze on the oilcloth surface on which you are planning the design. If you prefer, you may sew on the fruit with blanket stitch before you make up the bag.

You may also like to make a bag of gaily striped awning cloth or ticking bound with bias tape. This is washable and strong enough so that the forks and can openers will not poke holes in it. It will be fun to see how unusual and colorful a bag you can make.

If you go off on your picnic in a car, you will find that an old-fashioned picture hanger placed over the blanket rod makes a convenient hook upon which to hang your picnic bag.

Last month THE AMERICAN GIRL printed an article containing fascinating suggestions for all kinds of goodies to take on picnics. If you combine with them a practical and colorful lot of picnic equipment, you will find yourself a most popular young hostess, for as we said at the beginning "everybody loves a picnic."



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# Be Sure to Pack These Books

THE new book, *Ingrid's Holidays*, by

Signe Lindegren (Macmillan) is an ideal one with which to start one's summer vacation. There is food for constructive thought as well as most entertaining material in its well-expressed pages. Translated from the Swedish, and opening on the last day of school, one senses in Esse and Birgit and Tora of Stockholm exactly that same expectant and joyous relief on this occasion as would be experienced by Elizabeth or Nancy of Duluth or Portland around June thirtieth. Ingrid's mother is an invalid, and therefore it is necessary for her to take a cure at a watering place far away, leaving Ingrid in the care of her aunt and cousin Esse. But thoughtless little Esse makes other plans and, in addition, Ingrid discovers that Esse's mother does not want to keep her home open for Ingrid's especial use. So she decides, without consulting anyone, to spend the summer alone in her own home, with the cook Hilma as caretaker. Suddenly Hilma is called away by her sister's illness, leaving Ingrid not only completely alone, but with so little money that she cannot get through the summer. Under strict orders from the doctor not to worry her mother, and with a pride which forbids her confiding her plight to anybody, she decides that she simply has to earn her summer expenses. But that, as we all know, is not an easy matter. Because Ingrid is only fourteen, it is especially difficult, but she finally secures a position as worker in a factory. Ingrid has always associated with the owners of factories, not with their employees. Now she is herself an employee, and her life is incredibly different from that which she has always known. How she developed in her new surroundings, what a splendid friend she makes, with what zest and originality this apparently simple story is told, I leave you to find out for yourselves. I promise you that, in reading it, you will find that Ingrid's holidays are yours, and so are her friends and her experiences. No story can offer a keener delight than one which succeeds in doing this.

Contrast with this *Wish in the Dark*, by Lenora M. Weber (Little, Brown). Colorado, where its scene is laid, is a long way from Sweden. And Hope and the twins, Baird and Becky, are, in character, very different from fastidious Ingrid, who, dainty as she is, has a purposeful and Spartan streak in her character which these happy-go-luckies decidedly lack. In fact, though they are not by any means lacking in grit, "happy-go-luckies" does not give quite the right impression of them. They are, rather, made-to-orders, apparently placed by their author in Miracle Valley to prove that even with artificial characters, a fairly interesting story may be written. There are two unconvincing cowboys, an idealistic Irishman into whom one longs to pump just a mite of common sense, and a story-book aunt closely related to the poor stepmother so often abused in fairy tales and elsewhere. Despite this unreal material, one does get a decided feel of ranch life and galloping herds and rodeo atmosphere. The plains of Colorado surround us, and some of its special kind of life which will be of interest to many readers.

*The Pooch* by Ross Santee (Farrar and

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH



Rinehart) is a fox terrier who adores his cowboy owner, Big Boy. He tells his own story in very plain and very unvarnished language, and is every inch a red-blooded he-dog. Spike does not know what it is to acknowledge either fear or defeat, and could never qualify for membership in any pacifist group. Fighting is the very breath of his quivering nostrils. Although his narrative is in itself quite sufficiently vivid, it is well emphasized by the illustrations of the author, who has drawn with verve and spirit the cowboys, horses and dogs among whom Spike barks and fights his way through his story.

*Apache* by Will Levington Comfort (E. P. Dutton and Company) is another unvarnished, truly masculine story—this time of an Indian. In our summer freedom of khakis and shorts, some of us may especially enjoy what our older brothers are reading, and both *The Pooch* and *Apache* are such books—especially *Apache*. If you enjoyed *Laughing Boy* by Oliver La Farge, which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize two years ago, you will be equally interested in this thrilling story of Mangus Colorado, or Red Sleeve, who won his name from the flaming red shirt he stole from a trapper. Born more than six years before the Civil War, Mangus Colorado watched covered wagons, trappers, miners, Mexicans, and soldiers invade the Indian solitudes in turn. But for years his craft and strength outwitted them. He stole what he wanted, from furs to a Mexican wife, and strides through the story brandishing his bloody knife and imposing his chieftain's will on steadily enlarging tribes. Despite his cruelty and savagery in many instances, one's sympathies are aroused by the cheating to which his childlike credulity is subjected time and again, and his death at the hands of Uncle Sam's uncomprehending though well-intentioned soldiers is bitterly tragic. It is a powerful story—strong meat in places, and breathlessly interesting.

*The Long Rifle* by Stewart Edward White (Doubleday, Doran) is by an author whose long list of books, the scenes of which are

laid largely in the West and North of the United States, shows his love and study of that part of our country. I do not happen to know these other books, but if they have been preparations for this one, it has been thoroughly worthwhile preparation. The rifle which gives the book its title has once been Daniel Boone's, and is given to young Andy Burnett by a grandmother lightly sketched but unforgettable as a staunch and radiant personality. Andy cannot endure the farm life upon which his stepfather insists, so with the famous rifle and a little money, which his grandmother has been saving against just such an emergency, he starts West. He is fortified in addition by her ringing words: "Let others make farms—after you have found the country and made it safe for them." It is enough to say here that he does "find" the country and help to make it safe, in a narrative through which hurtling tomahawks and thundering buffalo, pioneers' hardships and pioneers' compensations, emerge in language and description so fine that one does not know which to admire more—the tale or its telling.

Two books which are typical girl's books and would probably not be enjoyed by the same people who read *Apache* and *The Long Rifle* are *Belinda in Old New Orleans* by Gladys Blake (Appleton) and *The Cousin from Clare* by Rose M. Sackett (Macmillan). *Belinda* is by the author of *Even Sara* and of *Cornelia's Colony*, which we discussed last year and the year before, and *Belinda* is certainly a great improvement on her predecessors. She seems to be a real, living girl of the year 1812, and she holds our interest from the moment we see how pluckily she endures the explosion on the Mississippi River steamboat which is taking her to visit her cousins in Louisiana. Being a Virginian, *Belinda* is at first shy with these little New Orleans "mamzelles," to whose French background she is a complete stranger. But, thank goodness, girls will be girls, and when they can giggle together with a fat boy as their target, backgrounds do not matter so much. Auguste proves that there is plenty of the sneak and troublemaker tucked in with his layers of flesh, but thanks to Sim Kent, first disdainfully snubbed as a "backwoodsman," his plots against the safety and happiness of the de Chantrelle family come to nothing. Lafitte, the famous pirate, makes a brief appearance in this story, but he is not the cause of the complications in the de Chantrelle family. It is the seller of the pralines outside the convent who almost proves their undoing. A sweet tooth apparently can get a whole state into trouble—or would if there were not a watchful young backwoodsman on guard.

In *The Cousin from Clare* by Rose M. Sackett (Macmillan) beautiful Nappy, disguised as a gypsy boy but not for a moment fooling her keen-eyed aunt, comes to the happy O'Carolan farm after her father, Hugh Boyne, has been unjustly imprisoned for his political activities. Nappy is seventeen and her little cousin, Maire Christine, about eleven. Maire is a dreamy and fanciful girl, her head full of legends and poetry



and the songs of Philip Cherry, the peddler, whose pack is so lively an object of interest on his yearly visits to the O'Carolan farm. Between Maire and Nappy there is an immediate bond, which crystalizes in their mutual determination to see that Hugh Boyne regains his freedom. Nappy's beauty, her happy disposition, bind her young cousin more and more closely to her—whether she is whirring capably about her housework, or acting out the old ballad of "Brennan on the Moor," to Maire there is no one so charming. Nappy is similarly captivated with Maire's originality and daring. It is Maire who, single-handed, saves the live stock from the threatening flood, and thinks nothing of it. Also Maire who helps herself to the tempting bleeding heart flowers behind the stone wall of the sergeant's garden. There is throughout the book the feeling of Irish farm life, courage and light-heartedness, and a vivid consciousness of Ireland's mysticism and poetry which in a measure atones for a lack of especially absorbing narrative interest.

*The Voyage of the Beagle* by Amabel Williams-Ellis (Lippincott) records one of the most interesting of all voyages—that of the great scientist Charles Darwin in the ship "Beagle." From Darwin's own letters, autobiography and biography, also from the log of Admiral Fitzroy, we get a fine idea of Darwin's experiences on his first voyage around the world. This voyage lasted five enchanted years, at the end of which time he returned home with an inexhaustible store of experiences and with studies of savages and Patagonians, wild animals and savage tribes, which subjects had not at that time achieved the publicity which they can boast today. Also, his museum material was so abundant that it took him months to get it into shape. The whole great adventure is presented to us with an unusual clarity and vividness, thanks to an editor who admired equally her great subject as well as his achievements in the field of science. This is a grand book for landlubbers, but those whose hearts beat faster at the thought and sight of swelling sails will doubly appreciate it. *The Bird Book* by Charles P. Shoffner (Stokes) is by a naturalist of today, and treats of just one corner of the great world of natural history which Darwin so grandly surveyed in its entirety. It gives simple and specific directions for the care of birds, tells of their nesting and mating, and of their various distinguishing characteristics, and gives miscellaneous suggestions connected with the study of birds, such as bird games and bird poems. The poems are valuable only because they suggest an interesting line of research.

On the cover of *Heroes and Hazards* by Margaret Norris (Macmillan and Junior Literary Guild), we see a structural iron worker perched on his swaying rope high above city towers—a cool and airy position ideal for a July book suggestion. Opening the book, we become acquainted with this fearless workman and many others who keep dangerous parts of the world safe. There is Captain Scully, Director of Life Saving of the New York Red Cross chapter, and Smoky Joe Martin of the Fire Department, who work tirelessly in their elements of water and fire. There is the deep sea diver and the under tunnel worker—people of whose submerged existence we are hardly aware. If they should stop their work, however, the world would be a very different

place for many of us. Their stories are uniformly thrilling, and the photographs which illustrate this book are so graphic that they make us think of the old ballyhoosers who advertised photos which look more like you than you do yourself! They are beautiful examples of a sort of illustration thoroughly in keeping with this type of book, and will give every amateur photographer that camera itch which only immediate experimentation will soothe.

*Over Famous Thresholds* by Ariadne Gilbert (Century) introduces us to an entirely different type of hero—the kind which works more with its brain than with its brawn. Nothing is more contagious than hero worship when it is sincere and not too sentimental, and Miss Gilbert will succeed in imbuing you with her enthusiasm for the group of fine men and women whose lives she has selected. Not as public men and women, but as members of their home circles primarily, we view them here. Dr. John Brown, author of the beloved *Rab and His Friends*, is seen borne bodily to the bedside of a sick boy beside whom he watches the entire night. Lewis Carroll allows Ellen Terry to rummage among his collection of fancy costumes; the Brontë sisters are shown to us in the pathetic drudgery of their domestic tasks; Samuel Chapman Andrews rollicks through his happy boyhood in Hawaii before settling down to one of the finest and most steadfast of careers as the founder of Hampton Institute. Inspiring are the personalities and intimate the glimpses which make these people "just folks" in addition to being famed characters.

Somewhat the same method has been followed by Belle Moses, in her biography of George Washington, called *The Master of Mount Vernon* (Appleton). Washington is a far more biographed person than any of those chosen by Miss Gilbert, and therefore it is a doubly difficult achievement to bring his almost legendary figure freshly and vividly before us. His diaries are drawn upon generously and most successfully for this purpose and, towering in historic stature though he be, we feel his humanness and the intimate parts of his life with special force.

You will enjoy being transported to Blue Pocket in the Sierra Mountains—evidently a heavenly spot because it has taken its name from the lupins which riot over its mountainsides. *Blue Mountain* by Margaret Young Lull (Harper) is the story of how April Armstrong, a California girl, lived down one of those unreasonable prejudices which unfortunately influence so many of us. Her prejudice seems quite sufficiently justified in the beginning of the story. Ivor MacGregor is the owner of the territory on which Blue Pocket is built, and when he decides to appropriate its water in order to build a flume which will supply power for his own business enterprises, there is naturally rebellion and indignation among the inhabitants, of whom April is one of the most loyal. She naturally dislikes and defies anyone who attempts to deprive her of what she has grown to consider her rights. The fact that she has grown to like Meith, Mr. MacGregor's nephew, before realizing his identity, makes her resolve to side all the more steadfastly with the townspeople. How she is brought to see Mr. MacGregor's point of view makes a fairly good story, in the course of which a forest fire is shown to us in all its fierce devastation. Try it as a harmless Fourth of July fireworks exhibition!

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get over Betty



—she's found  
so much PEP  
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## Now It's Tent and Cabin Time—

(Continued from page 29)

bled over rocks and over each other, getting ourselves and our lunches soaking wet.

"The red clay trail leading to La Palmita was muddy and slippery. As it ascended it got narrower, the mud deeper, the falls more frequent and the hikers jollier. As the journey continued the guide kept saying, 'Watch your steps, girls, it's slippery here,' as if it weren't slippery everywhere.

"We reached La Palmita about dusk, and sat down with relish to our wet meal. We didn't tarry long there, for it was getting cold and night was falling fast.

"The descent was far more difficult than the climb. We found it quite impossible to remain on our feet, so we sat down and slid. Halfway down we met a young *gibaro* (man from the country) who offered to lead us back to camp by a short cut. As we neared the river we heard the conch shell that is blown to warn people of the rising river.

"Every heart stood still with fear, and our feet flew over the ground. We found the river rising rapidly and the current very swift. So as to cross

more safely we formed a long chain, which soon broke because each girl pulled in a different direction. We managed to get across without a mishap, however.

"When we finally got back to camp we were warmly received as heroines, and there is no doubt that the tenderfoot Girl Scouts envied our experience. In due time we were

served steaming cocoa and delicious *flan* (a Porto Rican custard) and sent to bed."

### A Letter From an Indian Girl Scout

Mary Old Horn, a full blood Crow Indian girl who belongs to the Sacajawea Girl Scout Patrol in Hardin, Montana and whose picture appears on page twenty-nine, writes, telling why she is a Girl Scout.

"I like to be a Girl Scout in many ways; first, learning of nature; second, cooking outdoors; third, meeting other Girl Scouts.

"Sacajawea was the first Indian to be a Scout. In early days she led the white people through storms and pleasant days to the places where they wanted to go. She learned about birds, woods, flowers, and things about nature. She saved people from death by being brave. I became more interested since she is an Indian like myself.

"I am learning more of birds and woods, of kindness to animals, of cooking and sewing. I am trying to be like her so I can help my own people to be honest and thrifty, and to lend a helping hand, and above all to honor God and my country."

Have you entered

## The Song Contest?

Read the announcement on page six of the May issue and send in your entry while there is still time. Try for one of the valuable prizes. You may win!

## "I Am a Girl Who—"

(Continued from page 23)

half of the girls in school were jealous of me, that it was the weak-minded ones who flattered me and that the really fine few whose approval or disapproval should have mattered to me simply said openly that however useful I was on committees, decorative on platforms or apparently beloved by everyone, I never did anything that didn't further my own immediate glory or selfish whims. I was blithely impervious to the sound criticism of the few, I gloated over the jealousy of half the school and wallowed in the flattery of the rest.

At home everyone waited on me hand and foot. We had whatever I wanted to eat. Dad's car went wherever I wanted to go. I wore my sister's clothes whenever I liked, whether or not she happened to need the particular dress I felt like wearing at the time. Even if one of my brothers saw what was going on and objected on the grounds of fair play and the rights of an individual to her own belongings, I won out by appealing to Mother or Dad in the wheedling voice I knew how to use so effectively. I never lifted my hand to help around the house, and if there was some little chore for one of us children to do, I always got out of it.

Sometimes when the boys were home for vacation, one of them would say something like: "Aw, who was your lady-in-waiting last year?"

And then Mother would chide them. "Now, boys, can't you try to be nice just the few days we're all here together?"

"But, Mother, sometimes Sis is just positively too overbearing."

If things reached this point, I'd arise haughtily from my chair and go up to my own room.

I went off in one of my elegant huffs the night that was to make a new person of me;

only this time, because a terribly nice friend of my oldest brother Dick was at the house for dinner, I said I had a headache. I hadn't, of course. But I had planned to be the center of attention at the dance my sister's class was giving that night. She was chairman of the prom and had a new dress, so I had gone in town and charged an evening dress that would have eclipsed the dresses of everyone there, and it hadn't arrived, and by the time we were ready to dress, I realized it wasn't going to get there. My sister had already described her new dress to Dick's friend so there was no chance of my getting it. I wouldn't go in an old one and if I couldn't be the sensation of the evening, I wasn't going to go at all. I didn't want Dick's friend to know the real reason why, and therefore I couldn't let anyone else find it out, so I pretended that I had a headache and went off to my room to sulk in fury.

Mother was speaking at an important meeting the same evening and couldn't be there to see my sister shine for the first time in her life as Mother had always wanted her to. I had put on my lounging pajamas and was polishing my nails angrily, when the telephone rang. Mother answered it and it was Dad calling long distance. I could hear her saying that they were all just leaving the house but of course someone would go and get it and what a dreadful thing it was that he had gone off without it. Then she took down directions as to just where it was and the combination to the lock on Dad's desk. I grew terribly curious and a bit excited and called down to find out more about what had happened. I knew that Dad had left late that afternoon on a business trip that he expected would decide a merger of his firm with his greatest competitor. It seems that he had somehow left the most important document in the transaction at the office in a drawer of his desk.

There was only one chance of getting it to him in time for the conference, and that was to get it in the air mail. Mother said she would go for it but my sister said Mother couldn't possibly fail the meeting and that she'd go. Mother said Sis couldn't miss the grand march and Dick's friend said that he'd be glad to go but that, of course, he couldn't very well find his way to the office by himself and besides he was supposed to be my sister's partner. It never occurred to any of them that I might be willing to go in spite of my headache—which wasn't a headache at all. But the idea popped into my head that a top speed dash in the car all by myself and the excitement of driving out to the airport would be a far more effective way of assuaging my anger than fiddling with my nails. I threw on a negligée and went downstairs.

"I'll go," I said.

"But, darling, you have such a headache you're not even going to the dance," Mother sympathized. The others were speechless.

"What was that combination again and exactly what does it say on the paper?" I demanded tersely.

Mother told me.

"I'll take Dad's car," I called over my shoulder as I rushed back upstairs to put on my clothes.

It would take quick careful driving to make it, as we lived several miles out from the business district of the city and there was a good bit of traffic downtown. Then, too, the office buildings were closed at that hour and it would mean arguing successfully with the elevator man to take me up, going through a long row of empty offices in semi-darkness and finding Dad's desk, the responsibility of seeing that everything was left locked up, and finally driving against time to deposit the document safely in the mail plane. I would be lucky if I made it.

It was all very thrilling. I lost myself so completely in the excitement of the adventure and the seriousness of its purpose that I came back in a very calm mood having quite forgotten that I had ever been annoyed about anything. I was frightfully tired from the long nervous strain and fell into bed and to sleep the minute I reached home.

A little after midnight I was awakened by a timid knock at the door.

"Are you asleep, dear? May I come in?" It was Mother's voice.

I bumbled a sleepy syllable and Mother came and sat on the edge of my bed. "Mr. and Mrs. Franklin said they saw you over at the airport. They'd gone over to watch John take off. He's the new pilot on the night run, you know. They dropped in at the dance to call for Betty on their way home. We're all so proud of you. I can hardly believe my little girl could have been so brave and unselfish. Is your headache better, dear?"

Ordinarily it would have made me furious to be called a little girl, but when one is tired and sleepy it seems very nice to feel like a child again. There was an expression on Mother's face that I had seen there before—once when Dick had told her he'd rather take her to Washington with him over the week-end than go to the house party with the best looking girl in the world—but I'd never seen her look that way at me.

When my sister found that I was awake she came in with her hair down and threw her arms around me and kissed me.

"Gee, you were a peach," she cried. "It was the best dance we've ever had, and I hated so to think of not being able to be there for all of it. Everybody missed you a lot and Jack wouldn't stop telling people where you had gone."

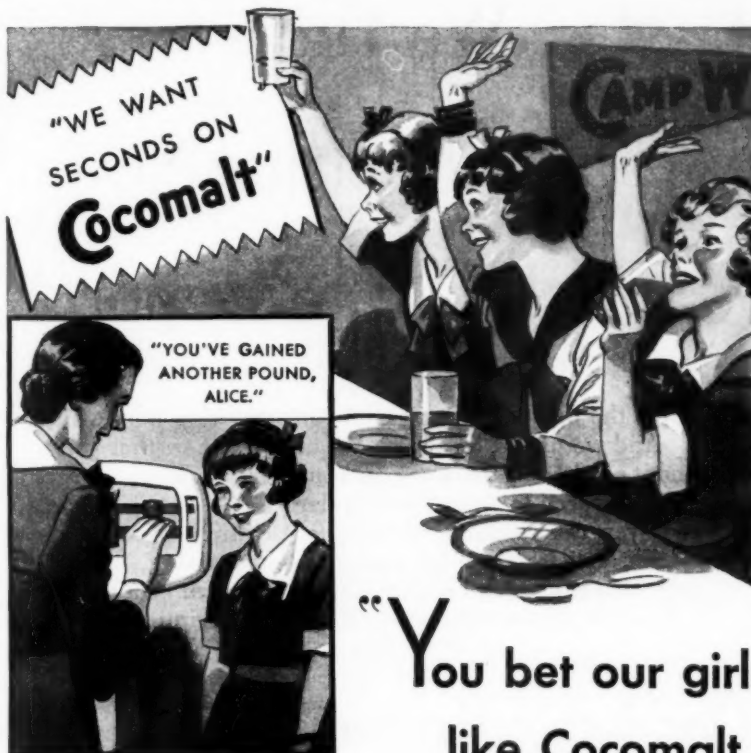
There was a genuine warmth of feeling in the way she said it that made me feel at the same time happier than I'd ever been and utterly detestable to myself.

I broke down and told them the whole story. "Oh, Mumsy," I was weeping now. "I didn't do it because I didn't want you to miss your speech or so sister could go to the prom. I was just cross and horrible and wanted an excuse to drive like mad because my dress hadn't come and I wouldn't go to the dance in an old one. I was a perfect beast, I know. I've always been. But I'm not going to be any more. You'll hate me now that you know the real reason and that I wasn't being brave or unselfish one bit, but I had to tell you. I couldn't let you both sit there and shower me with praise I don't deserve."

If they were shocked at hearing the truth, neither of them showed it. They felt, and rightly so, that something in me had changed since I could confess that I had been wrong. They only comforted me and told me not to cry and when they kissed me goodnight quite late, Sis said I was a peach all the same.

When Dad came home, he brought me the little Swiss wrist-watch that I had been longing for for years, and when he gave it to me he said: "This is for the daughter of mine who I hear is now as nice a person as she is good-looking."

You may be sure that I made up my mind to try to live up to what he had said. And every time I look at my watch, I think of that experience. I am glad I found out that doing a decent thing gave me more of a thrill even than getting my own way.



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## A Water Circus Is Fun!

(Continued from page 38)

other around, trying to make a member of the circle touch the object. The circle decreases in size and number as the ones touching the object are eliminated.

### Leap Frog

In line formation Number Two places hands on shoulders of Number One and straddles over her. The entire line follows one after the other.

### Tag

One swimmer is "it" until she catches another swimmer who is off "base", or not "safe" by an agreed on action. She may be safe when touching the dock, or a ring buoy, area rope, or safe when one foot is out of water, head is under water, or when hands are joined with a partner.

There are many circus events which can be performed in the water, such as:

*Tight Rope Walking*—Stretch a rope across the water and, with many gestures and an umbrella, try walking across it.

*Bear on a Barrel*—Mount a barrel and stand and roll it by quick running steps in opposite direction from the way it is rolling.

*Seals*—Swim on the back, balancing ball on the head and tossing it back and forth. Clap hands and roar like a seal.

*Juggling*—Swimmer, with high hat and white collar on, juggles balls while swimming on back.

As a finale, a short pageant is most effective. Why not write one about the progress of swimming or dramatize a fairy story, or make one up about a prince and princess coming to an island and finding mermaids swimming about, or being held captives by a dragon which the prince might kill?

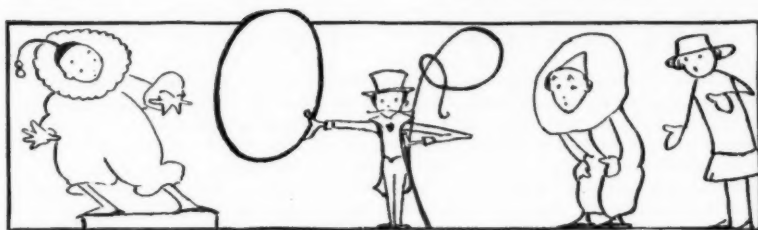
## It's a Good Sign

(Continued from page 24)

After the chipper has finished her work, the artist again takes the sign. She will paint the letters and design which now stand out in plain relief. Lacquer, enamel or oil paints may be used, and bright colors which show up well in the deep woods should be chosen. If oil is used—and it is the best for more elaborate designs—shellac should first be put on the space covered by the design. This will keep the oil paint from soaking in and thereby make the colors permanent. When the oil is dry the entire sign should be given a coat of white shellac on every side. This acts as a preservative to resist the elements.

And now our sign is ready for the final act—putting in the screw eyes on the back. These may be slipped onto hooks which have been put into the bark of a tree near the tent, or a rope may be fastened to them for hanging it from a branch.

Variations may be tried on the chip signs. The wood may be first rounded off if sharp corners are undesirable, the artist's sketch may be omitted, or dark stain may be used in place of the lacquer, giving a more woody effect.



## Laugh and Grow Scout

### His Hospitality

A. B. Houghton the former American Ambassador to Great Britain, recently told the story of buying a newspaper from a London newsboy, who charged him the usual price of one penny.

"Well," said the urchin, "you can pay me double, guv'ner, if it'll make you feel more at 'ome 'ere."—Sent by PHYLLIS RICHARDS, Washington, D. C.

### A New Ambition

FATHER (with parental pride): Son, what are you going to be when you finish college?

SON: I am going to be an old man.—Sent by BONNIE ROUNTREE, East St. Louis, Illinois.

### A Good Reason

"Dear Teacher," wrote an indignant mother, "you must not whack my Tommy. He is a delicate child and isn't used to it. At home we never hit him except in self-defense."—Sent by HELEN STEVENSON, Flint, Michigan.



He  
Couldn't  
Fool  
Him!

CITY CHAP (pointing to haystack): What kind of a house is that?

COUNTRY CHAP: That ain't no house, it's a haystack.

CITY CHAP: You can't fool me, they don't grow in lumps like that.—Sent by HELEN E. WATTS, Fall River, Massachusetts.

### His Motto—"Be Prepared"

As little Sammy started home his grandmother said to him, "Now, Sammy,

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



### Shave or Haircut?

A customer sat down to a table in a smart restaurant and tied his napkin around his neck. The manager, scandalized, called a boy and said to him: "Try to make him understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done."

The boy asked the man seriously, "A shave or haircut, sir?"—Sent by MARGARET COLLINS, Emporia, Kansas.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

wouldn't you like to put some cookies in your pockets to eat on the way home?"

"Thanks," replied the little fellow, "but they're already full of cookies!"—Sent by ANNA ROSE WEECH, Rio, Illinois.

### A Willing Substitute

"I have killed your cat," said the motorist, "but I have come to replace it."

"Very well," said the old lady, "but do you think you can catch mice?"—Sent by HELEN OLIVER, Cornelius, Oregon.

### For Every Occasion

"So you use three

pairs of glasses, Professor?"

"Yes, one pair for long sight, one pair for short sight and the third one to look for the other two."—Sent by MARY E. GLOVER, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

### Gladly

"Now, Freddie, once and for all, will you wash your face and hands?"

"Yes, if it's once and for all!"—Sent by VALERA MAY TIAHRT, Aberdeen, Idaho.

### A Peculiar Disease

LADY (who had brought her son to the hospital for treatment): It's his head, nurse. He's had it off and on ever since he was born.—Sent by LAURA JANE COOPER, Wilmington, North Carolina.

Overheard  
on the  
Beach



BILL: Wouldn't your mother be terribly angry if she saw you in that scanty bathing costume.

RUTH: I'll say so, it's hers.—Sent by MINNIE EVA HENDERSON, Hearne, Texas

OFFICIAL



Girl  
Scout



## LANTERN

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## Face West

(Continued from page 22)

Lou to secrecy, and had saved to tell herself the momentous news that she was coming back to college. After all, the half year had not been wasted and she could go with a light heart, knowing that her mother's interests were safe in Peter Dunstan's experienced hands.

"I still don't believe in the Cooperative for myself," Dunstan told Arley on one occasion when he stopped by the ranch for a chat. "I can go it alone. But gosh! I've got money enough. I can afford to hoist the little fellows up with me now."

"It's wonderful and unselfish of you," said Arley gratefully.

Dunstan shook his head. "No, I'm still selfish," he told her. "Just trying to make peace with my own soul. Howard and I came West together, poor as rabbits, both of us, but sharing all we had. I should have known he wasn't crooked. I was hard as nails with him." Dunstan's voice husked with emotion.

He changed the subject abruptly to inquire Arley's plans. "I suppose you'll be going back to pack your junk and wind up your school," he said. "Then you'll come back feeling settled here for good."

"Yes, I'm going," Arley confessed. "But I'm not coming back, Mr. Dunstan."

"Not coming back!" He stared at her darkly. "Can't stand it, now the excitement's over, eh?" There was bitterness in Dunstan's tone. "Well, I mustn't blame you too much. Pioneering's all right for awhile, but it takes a lot of spunk to stick."

"I was afraid you'd be disappointed in me," Arley's olive cheeks flushed. "It's been fine for an adventure but I don't really belong here, Mr. Dunstan. I—I've loved it. And when we were fighting to save the crop I was in it heart and soul. I'd have died for it as I worked. But now—Oh, I really do feel miserable about it when you've done so much for us all."

Dunstan rose abruptly to take his leave. "Don't let that worry you," he said. "What I've done I did for an old friend. Goodbye, Arley."

It was some time before Arley could shake off the depression that followed her talk with Peter Dunstan. To have him disappointed in her, to be thought a quitter, was a bitter blow. Even the approaching game and Win's coming could not lift the cloud of gloom that chilled her spirit. It was unfair, she told herself in passionate defense. She wasn't a quitter. She was only going home. She'd explain how she felt to Philip. He would understand, if anybody would.

But even Philip was difficult. "You mean you don't intend to live here at all any more?"

"Why, Phil," Arley explained weakly, "it can't really matter, can it? I'll always come back for visits. Truly, I will. Though, of course, now the Association's safely launched Mother'll be able to sell the ranch, I hope. You didn't think we'd always stay here, did you, Phil?"

Philip, turning, stood with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and looked

away down the long aisles of orchard, laden with golden foliage, to the hills. "Why, Arley," his voice was tense with hurt, "I've never thought of you as being anywhere but here. Since you came to the Basin you've been the center of—of everything for me. I can't think what it'll be like if you go."

"You, too, Phil?" Arley cried in distress. "You want to shackle me here? You don't really, do you?"

"No, I wouldn't shackle you," Philip said. "I wouldn't want you, not—unless you wanted to stay."

Arley stared miserably down at the sod, soft-carpeted with yellow leaves, then off through the thinning branches to Singh's little house among the trees.

"You see, Phil," she tried to speak gently, though her voice was choked with sadness, "I couldn't be happy always away from

pened here this year. She would miss it. But—she mustn't let her happiness be marred by looking back.

Then came the day of the game and she found herself seated in the Stanford stadium between Larry and the dainty diminutive Jane Barclay who seemed to know Win very well.

"Win had a gorgeous trip this summer," chattered Jane. "South America and the West Indies. He sent me a post card from almost every place. I'm crazy to see him."

Arley winced, but did not speak. Jane's proprietary ways hurt her cruelly. But the conversation was cut short by the team's coming on the field for warming-up practice, and they all settled back to watch the play.

"Win's Number Eleven," announced Larry, who had instantly spied his friend. "The old boy's picked up some weight this summer. Those extra pounds'll make him hard to hold."

Jane chattered vivaciously, and though Arley listened politely she was not happy. It wasn't fair that this day of all days she should have to share with someone else. Could it be that she was jealous? Oh, never that!

She stared down at her sun-browned hands in gloomy self-depreciation. To her tortured eyes they seemed as black as Singh's. Sun-tan was popular. But would Win think it becoming? Would it make a difference if others knew, as Larry did, how her ruddy outdoor color had been earned?

"Hello!" Larry whistled. "Here they come."

Arley stopped her anxious musing and leaned forward eagerly as the teams came running down the field.

"We win the toss," Larry settled back with satisfaction. "Stanford gets the north goal. All set." He took a pair of binoculars from his pocket. "Here, Arley, want to have a look?"

"Please, Larry." She drew a deep expectant breath. Putting the glasses

to her eyes, she turned them downward to where the two teams tossed like pygmies on a wide green mat. Only a blur at first, then as she focused, the field stood out in sudden clearness and the miniature players changed to men. "There's Win." She spoke in almost breathless quiet. She waited until she saw his face, studied it in thoughtful silence, then handed the glasses to Jane.

Arley leaned back limply against the seat, her smooth cheek resting on her hand. She had seen Win, yet the thrill she looked for had been missing. The long-awaited moment had come—and passed.

"A gain for us," Jane cried excitedly. "They're measuring. Look, Larry! A first down? Yes, it is!" Jane leaped to her feet and waved.

"We're holding 'em," exulted Larry proudly. "Ferris is in good form. He'll put something big across yet."

Across the verdant brown-splotted field the teams pushed back and forth in almost monotonous struggle. Back and forth. Back and forth. No score the first half. At the pistol's crack the players retired, and bands marched onto the field playing college airs. Arley listened in a daze, watching with eyes that only partly saw as the Stanford rooting section flamed a bright display. Here was

## SEND IN YOUR POSTER

to THE AMERICAN GIRL Poster Contest, announced in our June issue. All designs submitted should feature either Girl Scouting or THE AMERICAN GIRL, and should be in this office, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. by August 1, 1932. No poster should measure more than thirty inches on its longest side. Try your luck!

## YOU MAY WIN a PRIZE

the old friends, even though I've loved it here."

"Yes," Philip answered quietly. "I see."

### CHAPTER XII

In spite of distress at her friends' disappointment, Arley's spirits revived with the approach of the football game. It would bring a thrill. And afterward there'd be some sort of party, like old times. Arley looked forward with impatience to the day.

A week before the long anticipated event a brief note came from Win. He would come direct to San Francisco, he said, and he'd have no time to meet her before the game. But afterward they'd have dinner together and go somewhere to dance. Old Larry'd be there, of course, and Jane Barclay, a girl from Pasadena, was intending to come up.

Arley planned her costume with great care, a brown suit with a soft fox collar on the coat and a small hat to match, a new green tulle dinner frock, shoes and gloves and underthings, which would serve her present need and be useful for college later on. There was a song in her heart as she spread out the finery, yet she felt a trace of sadness, too. These clothes were the first of her going away outfit. It wouldn't be easy to leave Bear Basin after all that had hap-



the one event toward which for nine long months her whole hope had been bent. And yet her thoughts strayed. What was that torturing suggestion that kept coming? Oh yes, Philip, Peter Dunstan. They were disappointed in her. But couldn't they see she must go back? They shouldn't expect her to stay.

Arley chatted with Jane and Larry and tried to be gay and natural. She mustn't let such thoughts disturb her. When she'd really talked with Win she'd forget Bear Basin and all that concerned it. She'd feel as she used to feel again.

The first half of the game had been a dogged struggle. But now fresh currents of energy supplied during the intermission drove the fighting elevens forward with new force. They kicked, blocked, and tackled with desperate fury, piling on the field a mound of tossed and writhing bodies. Blue on Red. Red on Blue. Backward, forward, from one end of the field to the other. Then Stanford made a brilliant touchdown, but missed the goal.

"A lucky fluke," growled Larry. "We'll even that."

The ball returned to the forty-yard line and the struggle was renewed. A splendid run of forty yards was stopped within ten yards of the enemy goal. The small white wagon ran about to offer succor. Time out for both sides, fagged players replaced by new.

"That's Cale Carver going out," Arley leaned forward suddenly. "He's one of their best men. You know him, Larry. Phil Brainerd's friend."

"That'll weaken their line, I hope," responded Larry with a grunt.

Shadows lengthened across the gridiron. It was growing late. And so far it was Stanford's game. They had the ball, perhaps for the last play. Any moment the closing gun would sound. Arley sighed. The boys had come so far. And not one score!

Then, in the scrimmage, something happened. There was a sudden swift movement, a pass blocked. A tall, heavy Blue fought his way through the moving mass and was clear of the field, running, head down, body tensed, speeding toward the Cardinal goal.

"It's Ferris," Larry leaped to his feet. Win's three friends were standing, straining forward to see, tensed until their hearts forgot to beat.

"He's away!"

"He's going to make it!"

"Oh, Win!"

A touchdown and a goal. The game won. And Win was the hero of the hour. Even in the hotel afterward where they met him by appointment he was surrounded by admirers and insistent newspaper men. Arley stood waiting for him to come to her, bursting to tell him how proud she was, choking back her eagerness that others might not see how she felt.

And then, "Hello, Arley. How's tricks?" he said with casual breeziness, and turned to speak to someone else.

Arley's heart went cold as if a sudden chilling wind had struck her breast. After all these months Win was indifferent. Then she remembered. Win liked important people. She wasn't important now. Well—her head lifted in sturdy pride—she wasn't going to care.

Jane fluttered charmingly about. "Oh, Win, you were wonderful!" she purred. "Wasn't he, Arley? He was really grand."

"Indeed he was," Arley answered with apparent heartiness. Yet the smile froze on her lips and the words sounded cold and dead. Win took the adulation with complacency.

Arley tried to throw off her mood. They were going to dance. She must try to appear her best. Changing in Jane's hotel room to the new green tulle, she dressed with utmost care, while Jane made herself radiant in a fluffy cloud of pink.

"Two queens," Win smiled impartially at both. "I find 'em everywhere," he added. Then, "How's the farming going, Arley?" he asked patronizingly. "Are you reconciled yet to being stuck among the hicks?"

Larry came to her rescue with a good-natured laugh. "Win thinks you and I have been buried alive this summer." He looked at her with a mischievous smile. "Not so tame, was it, while it lasted? While you girls were dressing I told him how you did your little bit."

"Cinderella in a cannery. Hard luck, Arley!" Win laughed lightly. "I'll bet you swing a wicked knife." He reached for her hand, as if expecting to see lacerated fingers, but Arley drew it proudly back.

"It was nothing at all, Win." There was a coolness in her voice. "In fact it was fun, in spite of the hard work and heat. I'd do it again if there was something so vital at stake."

"Honest, would you?" Win asked mockingly. "Well, not tonight. Come on, let's dance."

She was alone with Win. Her great moment! But the words she had meant to utter did not come. For days she had looked forward to this time when she could tell him of her altered outlook and how the turning wheel of fortune at last had brought her luck. But instead she found herself speaking in a cool, impersonal voice, inquiring with friendly interest of his plans.

"Tell me about your own prospects, Win. And your gorgeous trip last summer. No wonder ours looked drab. What are you going to do next?"

"Make the All American again," Win answered with gay nonchalance. "That's a cinch, I guess."

"No, but afterward, I mean. Have you picked out your future work?"

"Work!" Win laughed. "Deadly serious, aren't you, little farmerette? Oh, sell bonds, maybe, or go into importing with Uncle Ben."

Arley's body danced with Win, but her thoughts were far from his. Perhaps he had changed but she had changed the more. Had her busy months of toil left a stain or a halo? She hardly knew. But she *did* know she was cured. Somewhere along the hot orchard furrows or amid the clanking cannery's roar she had shed her robe of pride to don the priceless garment of a real purpose. A fierce loneliness seized her for the things that seemed drab and yet were real.

"Stop a minute, Win," she begged. "I have to speak to Larry right away. You dance with Jane."

Alone with Larry, her words came tumbling out with low, impassioned force. "Larry," she begged, "I'm so homesick I could scream. I know I'm being weak and foolish, but you said you were going to fly back tonight and I want you to take me home first." She looked at him beseechingly. "Won't you, Larry?"

Larry patted her hand understandingly. "Sure, I'll take you," he said. "Be glad to."

Martha Wain—(Continued on page 48)

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## Face West

(Continued from page 47)

wright looked up anxiously as her daughter came downstairs the next morning. "A quick return, dear," she observed. "I wasn't expecting you until this afternoon at best. Was the day all you hoped for and planned?"

"Yes, Mother," Arley answered with a quick catch of breath. The hurt was not quite gone. "I—it was all I planned, Mother, in good times and all that. And we won. That was glorious. But some things and people were different than I'd thought."

"Yes," Mrs. Wainwright nodded understandingly. "Time and circumstances change us all."

"I'm done with lots of notions since last night, Mother. Highlands, for instance. I shall always love it, but now I see it's quite beyond our means. I want to save some of the old furniture. But now I'm willing we should sell. I'm sure we'll never live there again."

Martha Wainwright nodded, mutely grateful.

"And we can improve the ranch so much when we get the money," Arley went on eagerly. "We can build a nice house, not large or elaborate, but just a cozy, pretty home, the kind that Ruth and Philip have. And a good new pump. Singh says we'll have to have that anyway. Somehow I've grown to like this place."

"You aren't thinking of giving up college?" Mrs. Wainwright looked at her daughter with concern. "That would be a mistake, now that you're able to go."

"Oh, no, of course, I'm going to finish," Arley promised. "But afterwards I'd like to come back. There's still so much to be accomplished here; isn't there?"

"Yes, there still is," Martha Wainwright agreed quietly.

During the bright autumn days that followed Arley found many tasks to fill her time, Gloria's clothes and tutoring, Tom's struggles with equations in algebra, and the old house that showed so much need of renovation now that she had zest for the task. And then her own wardrobe. For the time until Christmas was short, and the fleeting days were bringing nearer the hour when another transcontinental train would halt to bear her away. Larry had signed as pilot with a west coast airways company and was going to stay here. But she was going back to school.

And yet, she would return. In that her purpose had not altered. She wished Peter Dunstan might know her change of heart, but stubborn pride kept her from going to him. What could it matter to a man of importance in the world what one foolish young girl did?

About Philip's disappointment Arley had a keener feeling. She had hurt him and she was sorry, but she did not know how to let him know. Since their talk together in the orchard she had not seen him alone and she felt that he had purposely kept away. Busy with the harvest of his oranges, Philip seldom came to the Basin now.

One day in the height of the orange harvest she went to La Colinta to take some promised jars of olives to Ruth. Philip would be in the orchard, she supposed, and since it was a Saturday afternoon when an assistant kept the library open, Ruth was sure

to be at home. But, though loads of golden fruit were pouring in from all roads toward the packing house when she passed, Arley found the Brainerd orchards quiet. The house, too, seemed deserted, and at first Arley thought that no one was at home. Then she heard voices in the storehouse, some distance down the drive, and perceived Peter Dunstan's car parked outside.

"Your crop's testing better this year, then," Dunstan was saying as he and Philip emerged into the yard.

Arley flushed and looked toward the house, hoping to catch a glimpse of Ruth. But Ruth was not in sight. Philip, however, had seen her and hurried across the lawn, while Dunstan, who had climbed into his car, had turned and was coming toward her.

"Good afternoon, young lady," Dunstan paused to speak soberly as he came abreast of her car. "You'll be leaving us soon, I suppose."

"Yes," Arley looked at him bravely. "Yes, I'm going. But I'm not going to stay, Mr. Dunstan. I'm coming back."

Dunstan's heavy face softened. "That's good, my girl," he said heartily. "That's

can show you in a minute how it's done."

Arley left the car standing in the driveway and walked a little way with Philip through the grove while he explained the cutting of the fruit. "Something to tell about in years to come?" he remarked, a strained, hurt look coming into his eyes. "You can describe it to your children when you recall your adventures on a ranch."

"Oh, I don't know about recalling," Arley reached up to touch the golden fruit. "The process isn't going to become extinct, is it?"

"Not extinct, though I hope improved," Philip answered. "We're bound to progress. Only—you won't be here to see the strides."

Arley looked away toward Dunstan's hill-top where the wind clouds lay, a chilling blanket, though a slanting sun still shed its wintry warmth. "The great adventure," she said, "is solving this problem of the world's food. I can see it now, Phil. It's beauty, too, but beauty of the present, not the past. Oh," she went on, impulsively, "I know you think I'm not coming back. But I am, Phil. I couldn't go away from—from all this. And I'm not forsaking beauty, either. What could be more beautiful than bringing happy, prosperous homes in place of poverty and overwork? You see, our dreams are the same?"

"Arley, you don't mean it!" Philip seized her hands in his. "You're coming back?"

"Yes, Phil," she answered softly. "I've known it for weeks now. It's true."

"Nothing is worth while that we do alone," said Philip softly. "Sharing, understanding, working together as we have and making it last, that's all that can ever count."

"Yes," answered Arley softly. "That is the great adventure."



"There are two sides to every question," said the ant. "Yes," said the bug, "and there are two sides to a sheet of fly paper, but it makes a big difference to the fly which side he chooses."

What has happened  
so far in the story

Arley Wainwright, a student in an eastern college, is forced to leave school by the death of the uncle who was financing her education. The family estate on the Hudson is closed, waiting the return of a prodigal Uncle Anthony for settlement, and Arley starts for California to join her mother and brother, Tom, at their fruit ranch in Bear Basin. On the train she meets Peter Dunstan, a fruit rancher at Bear Basin.

The next morning she meets Will Hazen, a neighboring ranchman who is discussing with Mrs. Wainwright plans for taking care of a destitute family named Cleaver. Hazen tells Mrs. Wainwright that he has joined a cooperative packers' organization, headed by a young man, Philip Brainerd. Brainerd has been trying to get financial backing, but the Packers' Union is the firmly established organization and it has a strong grip. Arley lunches with Brainerd and his sister, Ruth, and on their advice Arley's mother joins the Cooperative.

Since the only crop of the Wainwrights is peaches, they will be ruined if the Cooperative fails, as it seems likely to, if the Packers' Union has its way. Things go smoothly for awhile, but, when the peaches are picked, the cannery functioning and everything looking bright, Philip goes to Arley and tells her that the whole plan has failed, that the bank has stopped their funds, the fruit is rotting in the crates, and the canners have quit!

better news than I'd hoped. Well, you've got the right spirit, anyway," Dunstan shifted his huge frame behind the wheel. "Got an appointment," he said gruffly. "Always someone on my heels. These are busy times. But I'll see you again before you go."

Dunstan drove on and Philip came to stand beside the car. "Ruth's gone to the city," he explained. "She had shopping to do."

"Oh!" Arley flushed. "I brought her some olives she wanted. I'm sorry I didn't know she was gone."

"But not sorry you came, I hope," Philip looked at her earnestly. "Here, I'll take that." He lifted out the heavy box of fruit. "I had been wanting to come and bring you over to see the picking. Too bad we aren't working today."

"And I'd love to see an orange grove in action," said Arley regretfully. "Is it like our peach harvest at all?"

"It's heavier work," Philip answered. "We don't let women try it. Even Mrs. Cleaver gave out. And it's quite a trick. The stems have to be cut with a knife, just the right length so stubs don't mar the other fruit. Please get out a moment, Arley. I

## Are Stars Your Hobby?

By PANSY ROLLINS

JULY stars are beautiful, and of course if you are going on an overnight hike while you are at camp, you will want to be able to recognize the various constellations which are Corona, the Crown; Lyra, the Harp; Scorpio, the Scorpion; and Sagittarius, the Archer.

Corona is a dim circlet of stars resembling a crown. Last summer you read the legend of this constellation in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Closely following Corona in the east is Lyra, the wonderful harp, invented by Mercury and given to Orpheus by Apollo. Orpheus played very beautifully on it and almost enchanted a nymph, Eurydice, whom he soon made his wife. One day while they were in a meadow Orpheus went to get a beautiful flower on the opposite side of a brook and while he was gone a serpent bit Eurydice. Before he returned she was dead.

Orpheus was so grieved that he went all over, seeking the entrance to the underground world that he might find his lost one. At last he found the entrance, but a three-headed dog guarded the passage. With his soft music Orpheus so enchanted the dog that he was allowed to enter. At last he came to the under-realm ruler, whose heart was softened by the music also, so he granted Orpheus the favor of having his wife back on one condition—that he should not look at her until he got out of the cave.

Joyfully, Orpheus promised and hastened his steps upward and outward. When he got almost to the top, for a moment he forgot his promise, turned to look at Eurydice, and saw her with outstretched arms sinking back into the underground world. He tried to follow but was not permitted to do so. He wandered from place to place playing his beautiful, yet sad, music until he died. The harp or lyre was placed among the heavens to reward the supreme love that existed between the two young lovers.

Lyra, another of the July constellations, consists of six stars in the shape of two triangles. It may be seen high in the east during the month of July.

Scorpio, the most conspicuous constellation of summer, is brightly shining in the south. The heart of the Scorpion is marked by the red star Antares, meaning "like Mars," which is the red planet. The constellation of Scorpio is supposed to be the birthplace of the god Mars, and therefore early people thought that when this constellation appeared above the horizon there would be some discord in the land.

Scorpio represents the Scorpion who at the desire of Juno stung Orion, the hunter, in the heel and killed him. Orion had said that nothing could kill him and because of his boast Juno punished him.

Pointing straight at the heart of Scorpio is the arrow of the constellation Sagittarius, the Archer. Sagittarius, which is just to the east of the Scorpion, consists of the archer, the bow, and the arrow. Excluding some stars in the bow and including others, a dipper is formed. It is called the Milk Dipper. Sagittarius is the star form for the long ago Chiron, the Centaur, well-known archer, musician, and medical doctor.



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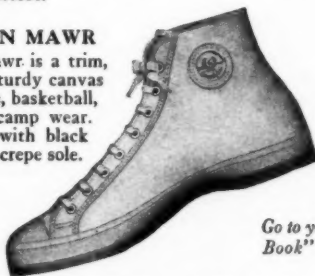
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Go to your Goodrich dealer for the free "Archery Book" and Contest Rules or mail coupon.

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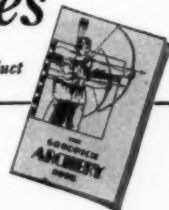
A. G. 4

B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corp., Watertown, Mass.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of the "Goodrich Archery Book" and the Rules of the Goodrich Archery Contest.

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It gives you the privilege of securing BOW AND ARROW SETS listed on the opposite side at less than half the usual retail price! Orders for these bows and arrows will be accepted only when accompanied by this Wampum Card. Offer expires August 31st, 1932. (See other side.)

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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

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## WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE



**JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.** She is well-known as a writer of adult short stories and novels, and has recently been devoting a good deal of time to writing for girls. Her book, *The Luck of Lowry*, was selected last year by

the Junior Literary Guild and she tells us that she is at work on another dealing with some of the same characters. Mrs. Bacon served several years ago on the National Board of the Girl Scouts, and was the first editor of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. We are glad to welcome her to the magazine this month with her new serial, *Girl Wanted*, written especially for us.



**HAZEL RAWSON CADES.** This author of our popular good looks pages, although she has written many articles for grown-up magazines, says that she never did anything really interesting until she started writing for girls. "For

girls, I've discovered," she tells us, "want to know things. And I want to know things, too. So I'm always hoping that they get as much fun out of reading my articles as I get out of writing them. And that's what makes it interesting." Miss Cades decided in college that she wanted to write. She devoted most of her college years to trying to. Her first job was in a publishing house where she spent her time "taking out periods and putting in commas in text books." When they started her on arithmetic books, which she hated, she couldn't stand it any longer and went over to a magazine and asked if they had a job for her. She writes:

"They said, 'Do you know anything about fashions?' and I said, 'No, but I'd like the job,' and somehow or other I got it."



**CATHARINE LEWIS.** You all know her as the illustrator who draws those amusing pictures for the Mary Ellen stories and the *What's Happening?* pages. She has a flair for catching the funniest moment in a funny incident and getting it on paper. Gurney Wil-

liams, creator of Mary Ellen, says she has caught exactly the spirit of his heroine. And when an author commends an artist's delineation of his characters, it is high praise indeed.

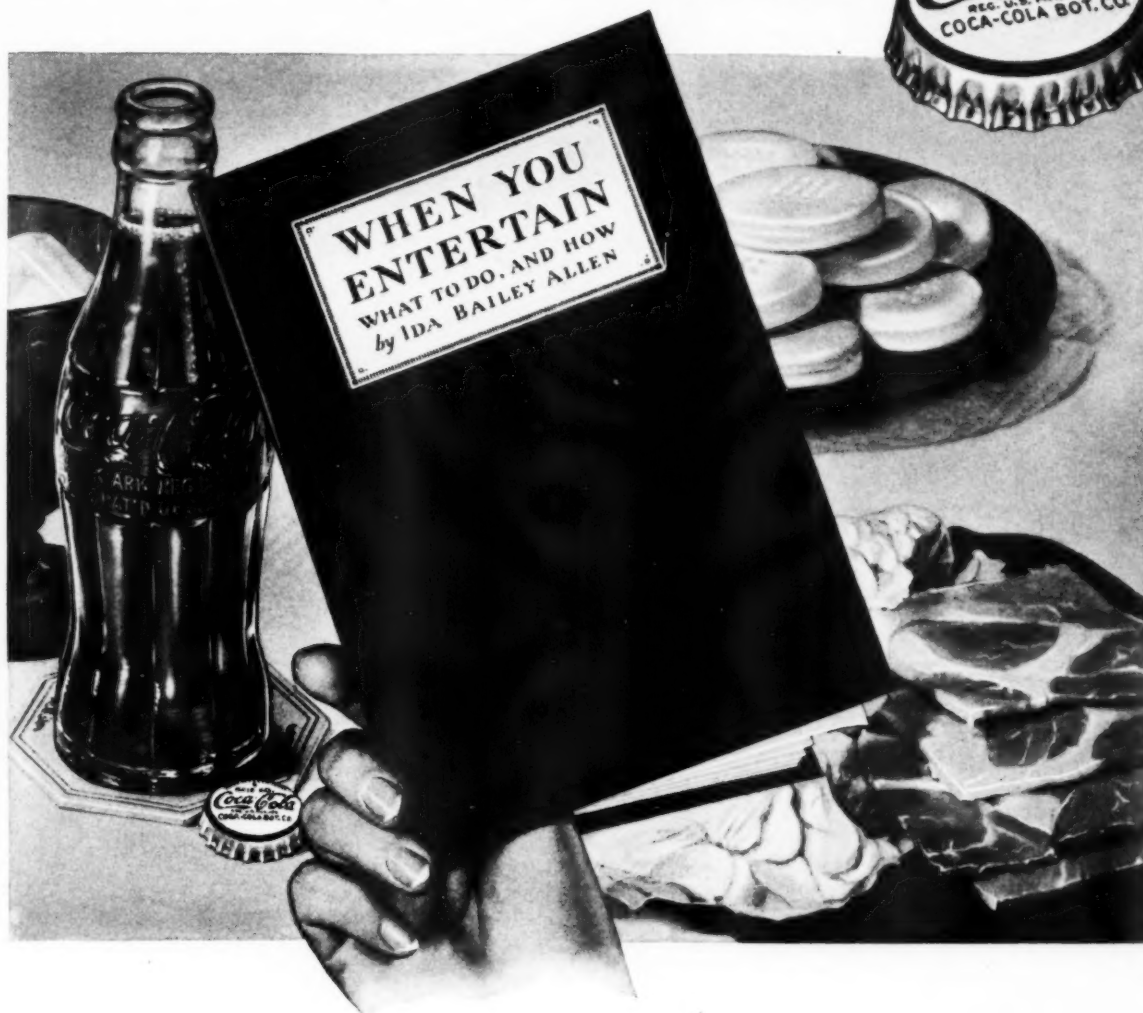
**SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH.** Mrs. Goldsmith is responsible for the book reviews

you read so eagerly every month, according to your letters. She describes herself as an "incurable booklover, reviewer, article writer, critic, library-prowler, bookshop haunter, quizzier of every age reader. I am Chairman of the Horace Mann School Juvenile Book Committee," she continues, "author of *Wonder Clock Plays* and collaborator of two sons.

The plays suffer from malnutrition, but the boys do not. For the rest, I am five feet seven, addicted to concerts, duets and the society of people interested in whatever grows and refuses to stand still."



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## CAMP O'THE LAKES

Dear Tina:

You'll find me in the enclosed picture out on the briny deep -- the one struggling with the oars. The others need no introduction and they can hardly wait for you to come. As usual, Peg is her sporty self nonchalantly wearing the ever-present sweater. And now that it's official, she does everything but sleep in it. Ann feels the same way about her bathing suit and Cotton about her bathrobe. It's funny that "official" means so much to us. Pris is her old sweet self in middy and bloomers. She's learned to row and insisted on posing with the oar.

Camp is great this year and you'll love it more than ever. We're going in for handicrafts in a great way. Got ambitious and made a pair of the leather slip-on gloves. Can hardly wait to strut them. They were easy to make, too. Don't bother to bring moccasins -- you can make a pair of them in a day out of bright woven fibre and they are so cool.

You know how you forget things, so make a list of the following: Pedometer, woodsman's knife, folding cup, compass and signalling flags. I'm relying on your mother to see that you have all the clothes, etc.

Just one more week until you come. Until then,  
Love from



*Lippy*

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